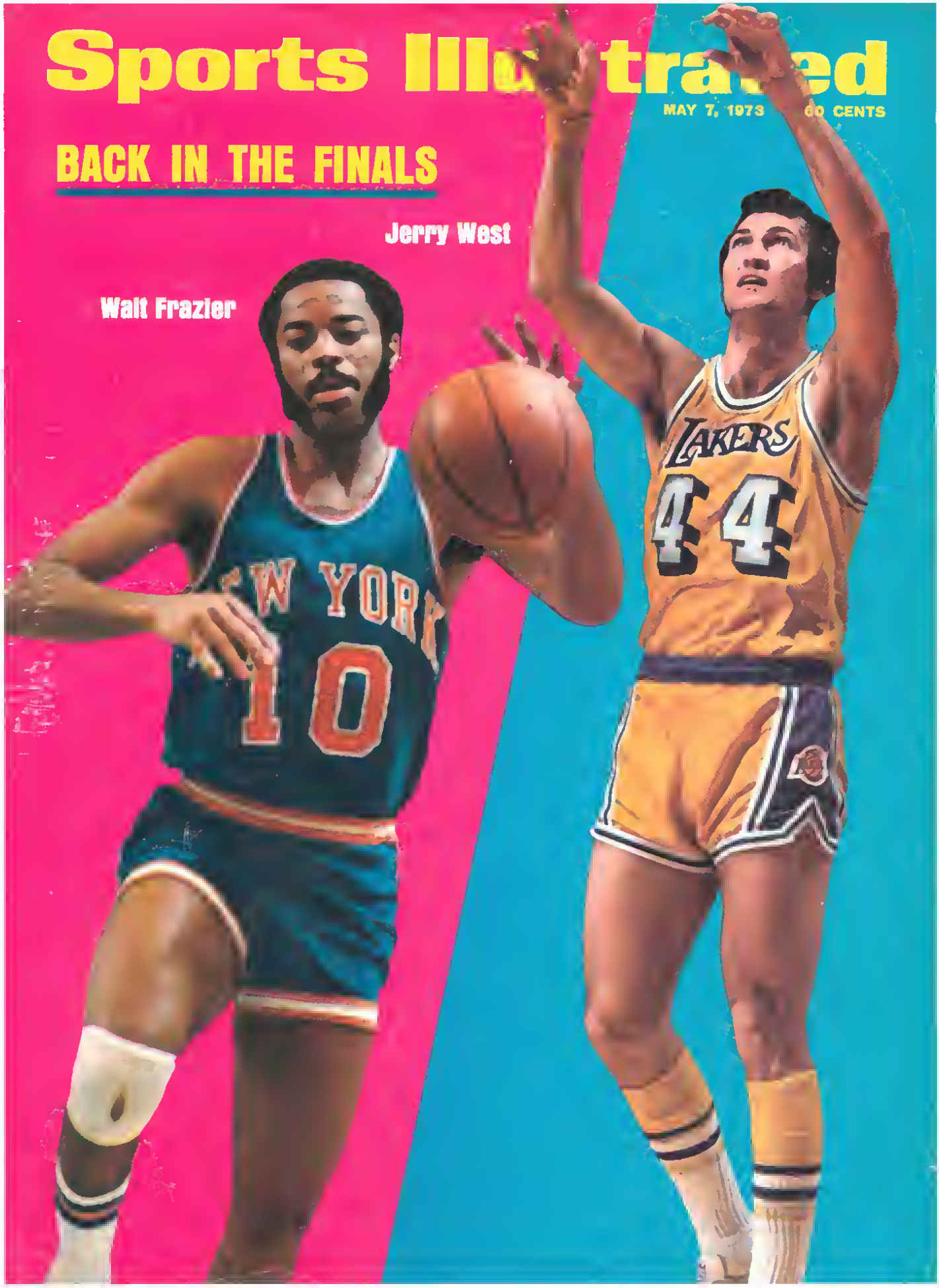
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Jerry West

Walt Frazier



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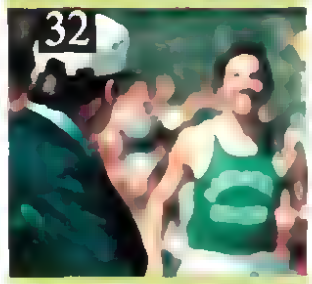
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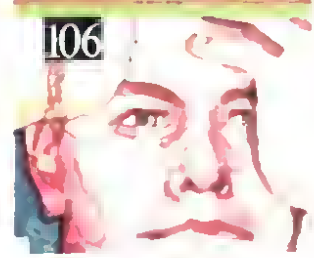













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*Credits on page 125*

## Next week

***THE CHARGE*** of the Angle Light Brigade takes place at Churchill Downs as an army of small shots tries to knock off top-brass Secretariat and Sham in the Kentucky Derby.

***THE RUSSIANS*** are coming—and going—to U.S. basketball courts. Barry McDermott reports on the series that revenge-minded Americans have ached for since the upset at Munich.

***THE ADVENTURE*** of four dilettantes, who take to the Ochlockonee River in canoes and wend their whimsical way to the Gulf of Mexico, is described by John Underwood.

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# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

*Turning Over a New Leaf* is *to the Past* the most [illegible] story that begins on page 44 of this issue, is perhaps an unlikely one for a sports magazine to be publishing, but then it is the work of an unlikely author. Charles Willeford, a 20-year Army man turned English professor.

At the age of 12 Willeford read *Crime and Punishment* and became so hooked on Dostoevsky that, he recalls, "It took me 10 years to get over being depressed." By 13 he was writing poetry and working in the summer as a lifeguard, a job of which he says, "Any horseplay and I threw them right out." No one had to be rescued all summer, which was fortunate, in view of the fact that, by his own account, Willeford did not know how to swim.

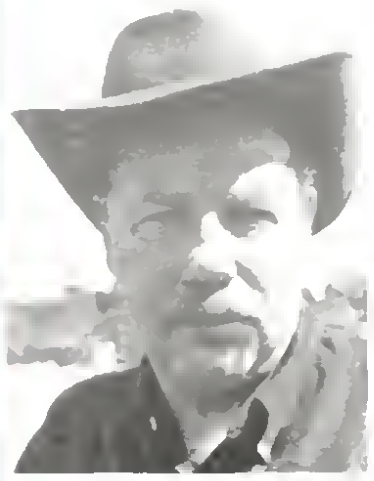
In 1932 he found himself bored with the eighth grade, so he ran away from home "to see what was out there." He had been a straight A student, but in the school of hard knocks he improved. In Arizona, for example, he tried boxing, fighting his first match to a draw against a 35-year-old opponent. Willeford at the time was 14. At 16 he joined the Army and a year later was in the Philippines. He published a [illegible]. Something about the girl at Legaspi Landing. When war broke out he was sent to Europe, where he came home loaded up on medals—including two Purple Hearts. "Never got nothing shot at me was wrong. He published a book of poetry, a novel about a used-car salesman (*High Priest of California*) and once, between hitches, he went to New York with the idea of becoming an actor, but he ended up augmenting his income by submitting quotes to columns of bright sayings by children. "I made them up," he says. "Kids aren't that bright."

By 1956 Willeford had served his 20 years, so he took his pension and retired to Florida. There he applied for a grant to write another book, but was told that he could never be a serious writer without a college education. So he enrolled at Palm Beach Junior College, where he recalls that his freshman composition teacher was upset when he sold his term paper.

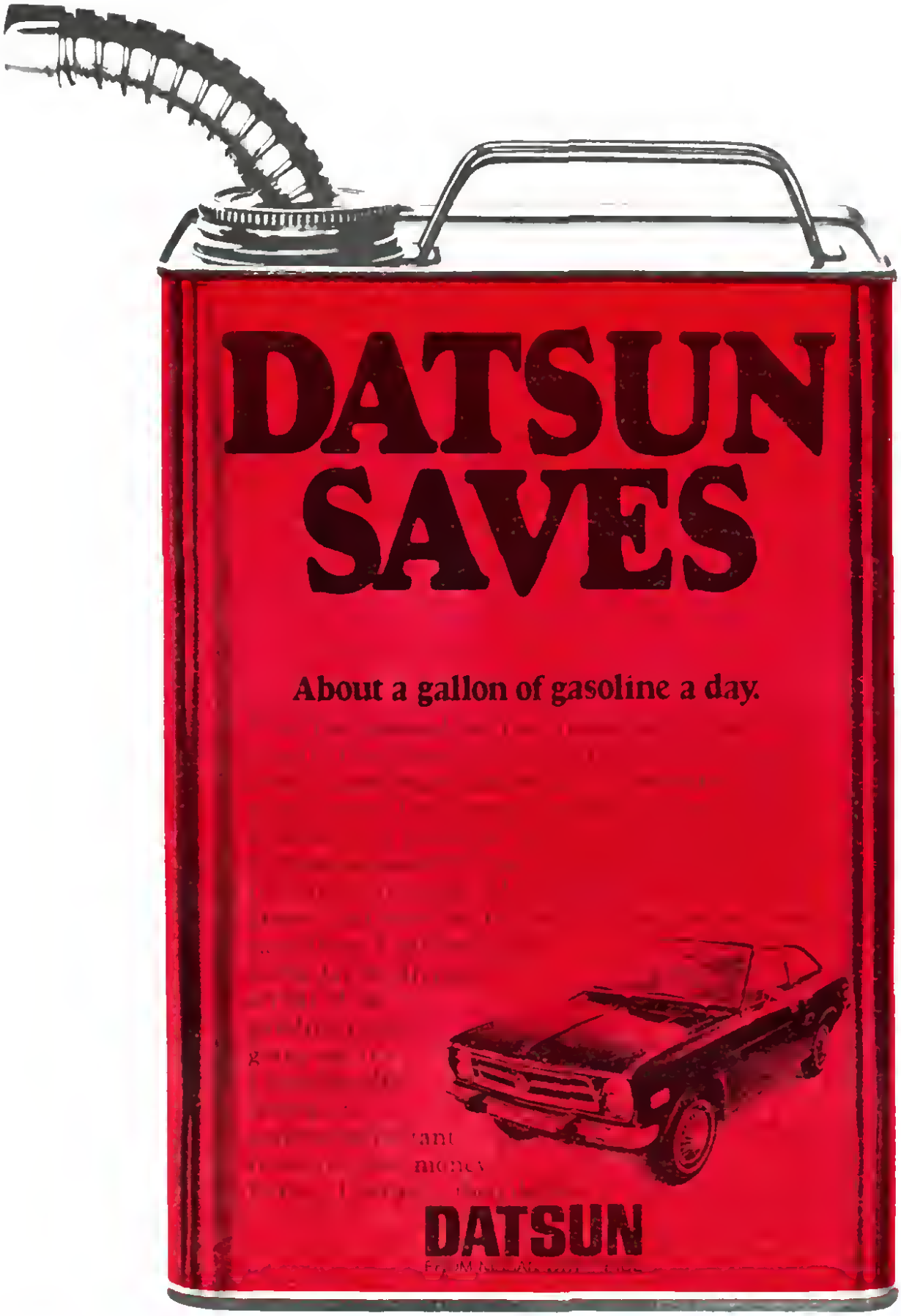
To date Willeford has written 11 novels and has recently completed the screenplay for his latest, *Cockfighter* (SI, May 22). Currently he is on leave of absence from his teaching post at Miami-Dade Community College, having taken time off to write his 12th novel, working title: *Shark Infested Custard*. He likes the Miami area despite the constant reminders of fishing, which he has always detested. "I've never run into a fisherman who ever actually liked to fish," he says balefully.

Even fly-fishermen. "They talk about skill, but all they really want is to show up the other guy."

So much for children and fishermen. Willeford seems to mean these things, but he does have his less irascible side. He enjoys swimming in his apartment pool every day, and he even claims to like the high crime rate in Dade County. "It provides a writer with an exciting environment," he explains.



Jack Meyer


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# BOOKTALK

**Court tennis, anyone? It won't be easy, but try to get hold of 'Pierre's Book'**

*Pierre's Book: The Game of Court Tennis* (Barre Publishers, Barre, Mass., $15) was printed in a limited edition of 1,500. It may even now be too late to get your hands on a copy, which is a pity: the book has done my sense of wonder a world of good. I had only an inkling that there was such a sport as court tennis, much less that Benvenuto Cellini played it, that a 19th-century pro named Louis won a match carrying a donkey on his back, that the floor the game is played on is marked with 34 horizontal lines or that these lines have names like "One and Two," "Half a Yard Worse Than Last Gallery" and "The Door."

I would be content to enjoy all this on the level of fantasy, but one doesn't have to. In an appendix to this book Bill Talbert says that neither Ruth nor Grange nor Dempsey "ruled his sport with the greatness or the dominance of Pierre Etchebaster." That is Pierre, the book's author, who seems to have been world court tennis champion for 26 years, retiring undefeated in 1954 at the age of 61. He still plays and teaches, and his way of commending a student's shot, we are told, is to drop his own racket, throw up both hands and exclaim, "This is what I am! This is what I am!"

Pierre is said to retain a strong Basque accent after 42 years in this country as the New York Racquet and Tennis Club's court tennis pro. He certainly writes with a flair for the curious expression: for example, "Do not abuse for the dedans." ("In attacking a chase of a yard or better," he notes earlier, however, "it is preferable to abuse for the dedans.") And yet this book not only convinces the reader that there is such a game as court tennis, it even gives him a good solid glimmer of how it is played. Suffice it here to say that the racket is warped-looking, the ball is made of cloth and the court has sloping roofs, or "penthouses," jutting out on three sides, and an abutment, the "tambour," obtruding obliquely into one corner. The dedans is one of three openings in the walls which you can win a point by hitting the ball into.

Questions do remain. How would Pierre have fared against the earlier masters Alison Danzig mentions. "Gould, with his killing length of 'better than a half' and deadly railroad service, or . . . Latham with his terrible boasted forces"? How did Louis ever get a donkey to *stay* on his back? Would this be called abusing for the donkey? How do you tell the dancer from dedans?

There are only a few hundred court tennis players now active, I gather, and they all belong to clubs I don't belong to. But I am going to keep *Pierre's Book* by me anyway, to look into when life grows stale.

—Roy Blount Jr



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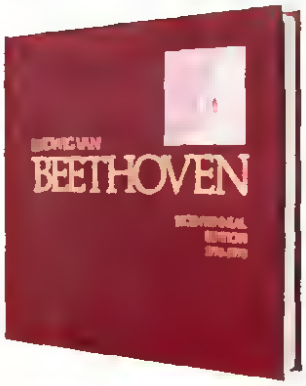



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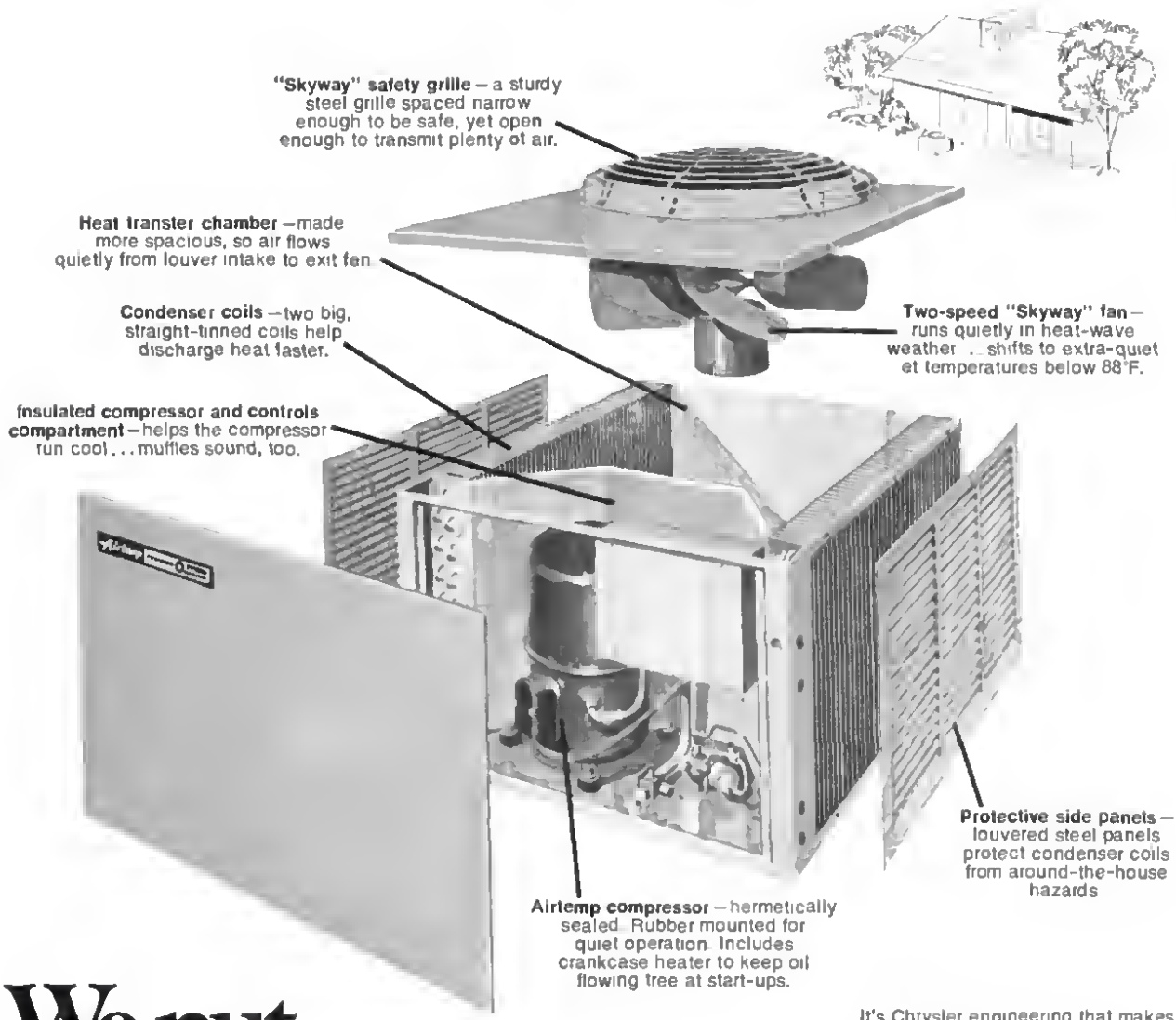
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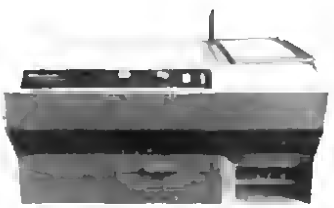
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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

### GOING TOO FAR?

The U.S. Golf Association has amplified its position on graphite-shaft clubs (SCORECARD, April 30), which are supposed to add considerable distance to a golfer's shots. The USGA says that for some years it has been concerned about the effect new developments in golf balls and clubs might have on the game, indicating it felt that an improvement in a golfer's game should properly be the result of improved skills rather than merely mechanical advantage gained from new departures in equipment. In 1968 it cautioned manufacturers of golf equipment about this, adding that it was determined to maintain the integrity of existing courses (a general improvement in distance by all golfers "shrinks" the size of a course and reduces its validity as a test of golfing skill). It repeated this warning in general terms in 1969 and in specific terms in 1970, these last having to do with things like inertia and radius of gyration in golf balls.

But the USGA clearly implies now that its warnings may have been ignored by the manufacturers. Rules currently exist to govern size, weight and initial velocity of golf balls (although there are no comparable restrictions on clubs), but the USGA says it fears "recent developments in ball dimpling and the introduction of graphite shafts may render existing distance controls inadequate." Therefore, it has begun extensive tests on both golf balls and clubs and will continue them for several months. And, it says, it "is prepared to take action if its tests show that a distance bonus has been achieved."

### WORLDS APART

The aftermath of South Africa's local version of the Olympic Games did not do much to support that country's claim it was making signal progress in establishing a degree of racial equality in sport. A group of white South African athletes issued a statement saying that even though whites and nonwhites had competed against one another at the games there still was "not even an indication of sporting fairness" in the country. And Stan Smith, the American tennis star, in South Africa for a tournament, was reportedly deeply disturbed by the sight of "*apartheid* at close quarters" after a visit to Johannesburg's black satellite township of Soweto. Not ordinarily outspoken on political or social matters, Smith said he felt America's Arthur Ashe, the black tennis player who has several times been refused entry to South Africa, had every right to visit that country. But, said Smith, "If he saw what I have seen he would go right out of his mind."

### THE CLANG OF THE BAT

Those bamboo bats introduced into Hawaii high school baseball (SCORECARD, Jan. 22) did not make such a big hit. The Japanese bats were distributed to practically every high school in the state on an experimental basis, and the results were discouraging. Of a dozen coaches contacted, only two said the bats were still being used regularly, and then by only a few players on the two teams. Most comments were negative.

The bamboo bats were expected to be exceptionally steady and durable, but one Oahu coach said, "Of the six we had, I think four or five are broken. Unless you hit the ball right where it gets good wood—it always stings."

Experimental aluminum bats have had a far more favorable response. The same coach said, "Aluminum bats are better for the batter and worse for the pitcher. I think that's why scores have been so high here this season. With an aluminum bat, the pitcher gets frustrated. He figures he made a good pitch, but the batter gets a piece of it and it goes for a hit. Most of our players tried the bamboo bat and then went back to the aluminum one." Tom Kiyosaki, executive secretary of the Hawaii High School Athletic Association, who was involved in the original purchase, said, "We bought the bamboo bats because we thought they would be best for the schools. We were trying to save money. We gave each team six, but I won't buy more unless I receive an order from the schools."

That doesn't seem likely. Aluminum is another story, however, and if the trend really catches on, baseball will have a new idiom. "Man," one fan will say to another, "he really got good metal on that one."

### MRUFF, MRUFF

A family in Virginia had a Great Dane named Cato that bit. After two neighborhood kids were nipped, the family decided to have the dog put away. "We walked around like a funeral party," said Mrs. Jane McCreary, and when she handed the dog over to Dr. William Swartz, a veterinarian, she turned away in tears.



"Mrs. McCreary," said the vet, "have you ever thought of having his front teeth taken out?"

Reprieved by the pliers, and missing his upper and lower incisors as well as his four big canine teeth, Cato is now home and happy, or apparently so. The McCrearys have been waiting for a psychological change, but the day after his de-dentition Cato was happily gumming his dog food and even playing tug-of-war, holding on to whatever had to be tugged with his back teeth.

*continued*

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol-11 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine—av per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

Cato is still a closely watched dog. "I'm not about to test him on the neighborhood children," said Mrs. McCreary. "He could still bruise them."

**BETTER SAFE**

Baseball has 24 big-league teams, football 26, yet baseball has far more trades between teams than football does. Oakland Raider Coach John Madden says, "Baseball does a lot of trading in order to give losing clubs a new image. Football has not had to do this. The new faces come along every year in the draft. And after the season you don't trade, you are waiting to see what you'll get in the next draft. Then you want to wait to take a look at the new people you drafted. And you want to see how they go under game conditions."

After all this Madden concluded, "But basically the lack of trading is because most clubs are afraid to take a chance."

**AM I BLUE?**

There has been considerable talk this spring in baseball circles about Dr. John Nash Ott, who does research into the effect of light on people and who has published a book on the subject called *Health and Light*. A year ago Ott advised the Cincinnati Reds to change the color of the underside of the bill of the team's uniform caps. Cincinnati's cloth caps used to be green underneath, the helmets red. Ott recommended medium gray, arguing that it reflects light in a more favorable manner. The Reds won the National League pennant, perhaps a coincidence. Now the Chicago White Sox have joined the trend to gray and claim they have gained happiness and better batting. They will have to wait on a pennant.

Earlier, Ott got the Kansas City Royals to persuade a cantankerous young player at their baseball academy in Sarasota, Fla. to switch from pink-tinted sunglasses to gray. The Royals wrote Ott, "It was amazing to observe how he changed from a hyperaggressive, helmet-throwing player to a relaxed, confident person. There was a great improvement in performance." Green and blue sunglasses are also on Ott's bad-for-you list, and so, apparently, are wild, disturbing colors. The Royals had another promising player whose skills retrogressed badly until psychedelic red lighting was removed from his room. He quickly returned to normal.

Ott claims he could have grown grass in Houston's Astrodome ("All they needed was ultra-violet transmitting plastic in the roof") but "nobody asked me and I didn't get around to writing them a letter." The death of the grass originally planted in the Astrodome led to the development of the artificial surfaces that have had such a pronounced effect on both baseball and football.

Asked recently about orange baseballs, Ott said it would be interesting to study their effect. "Off the cuff," he told the *Chicago Tribune*'s Dick Dozer, "I would say they offer less contrast than white. I think they'd be harder to hit, but I don't know."

**PENALTY: ESPOSITO**

Some doctors and hospitals expressed disbelief and surprise that Boston Bruin hockey star Phil Esposito could have been so easily wheeled, bed and all, from his room at Massachusetts General Hospital to a team party at a restaurant across the street (SCORECARD, April 30). Apparently it was not all that easy. Last week Esposito received a $400 bill from the hospital for "repairs" to a railing and door frame that were removed during the short happy journey from hospital to bar. To sum up, Mass General seemed more than a little miffed by the whole affair.

**HIGH ROLLERS**

A spate of excessively large numbers comes to attention this week. We are told that during the Women's International Bowling Congress, a three-month-long extravaganza now under way in Las Vegas, 48,000 women will lift 500,000 tons of bowling ball, propel that weight 100,000 miles and with it knock down 75 million pins. In college baseball in Maine, Nasson College won a squeaker from St. Francis, 31-0. And in the Politely Stakes at Pimlico Race Course in Maryland a $2 show bet on Rambelle, who finished second, returned $159.40, and a $2 show bet on third-place Pegemina paid $124. This requires further comment. The winner of the race was Winsome Imp, a 30-to-1 long shot who paid $67.20 to win, $25 to place and $73 to show. A $2 across-the-board bet on Winsome Imp ($6 in all) would have netted a profit of $159.20, but that was only $1.80 more than from a simple $2 show bet on Rambelle. Pegemina's $124 for show was $31.80 greater than Winsome Imp's win and place prices combined. The reason for these extravagant returns was extremely heavy show betting on Marian Bender, winner of seven straight races and a 1-to-5 favorite, who finished fifth. Of $100,852 in the show pool, $92,908 was bet on Marian Bender. Ray Kennedy, who has been with American Totalisator Company, the tote-board people, for 32 years, said, "In all my years, I have never seen a show payoff like that one."

**A LITTLE HUMOR HERE**

Pratfalls, however painful to the fallee, are usually funny. At any rate, they make other people laugh. The University of Oklahoma's sad recruiting mishap, which led the Sooners to forfeit eight of their 1972 football victories, brought a swirl of gags in its wake. The University of Texas publicist, Jones Ramsey, remembering that Texas' only defeat last fall was to Oklahoma, ran up and down corridors shouting, "We're undefeated! We're undefeated!" Dallas' *Times-Herald* Columnist Dick Hitt congratulated himself for not having gotten around to paying off a steak-dinner bet on the Texas-Oklahoma game. He phoned the friend with whom he had made the bet and said he and his wife were available for dinner anytime. At the University of Oregon, which lost to Oklahoma 68-3, Publicist Hal Cowan put in a call to his Oklahoma counterpart, John Keith. Noting that the forfeit had changed the score to 1-0 Oregon, Cowan asked, "When are you going to return the game ball?"

**THEY SAID IT**

- Bill Grabarkewitz, California Angel infielder, who has been plagued throughout his career by strikeouts, explaining his infrequent whiffs during the early season: "I'm a slow starter."
- Doug Osburn, Rice baseball coach, on David Clyde, Houston Westchester pitcher, who is expected to be the first choice in baseball's free agent draft in June: "They've got to where they've stopped counting his no-hitters—only his perfect games."
- E. W. Kenworthy, *New York Times* Washington correspondent, on William D. Ruckelshaus, new acting director of the FBI: "He has one large character fault—he is a bass fisherman." **END**



High wire artist demonstrates Torino's incredibly smooth ride



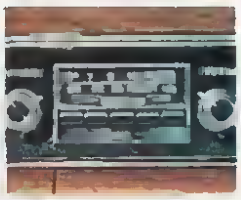
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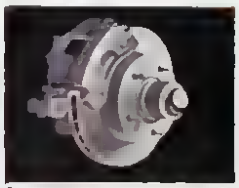
Surprising luxury in a mid size car. Pictured above is the interior of the Gran Torino with Luxury Decor Package



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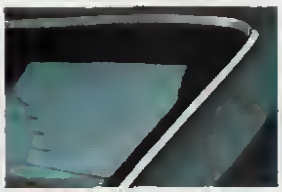
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A longer wheelbase and wider front and rear track than major competitor, for a smooth, stable ride

# FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION Ford

Sports Illustrated
MAY 7, 1973

# IN SEVEN, AS IN HEAVEN

*The exultant Knicks knocked off the Celtics in the last game of their playoff series to go into the finals against Los Angeles* **by PETER CARRY**

It was a play John Havlicek has made a thousand times. With the score tied 28–28 midway in the second quarter of the seventh and final game of the New York-Boston playoff for the NBA's Eastern Conference title, Havlicek dribbled down the middle of the court a fraction of a step ahead of three pursuing Knicks. Past the foul line, he smoothly took off, the ball in his right palm, and floated it toward the lip of the rim with an easy, underhanded motion. Usually a sure two points, often three, this time the shot yielded none. It described a pathetic arc nearly a foot below the basket. It was an injured layup by the injured star of a wounded team, a proud team that never had lost the seventh game of a playoff, but would this day by a humiliating score of 94–78.

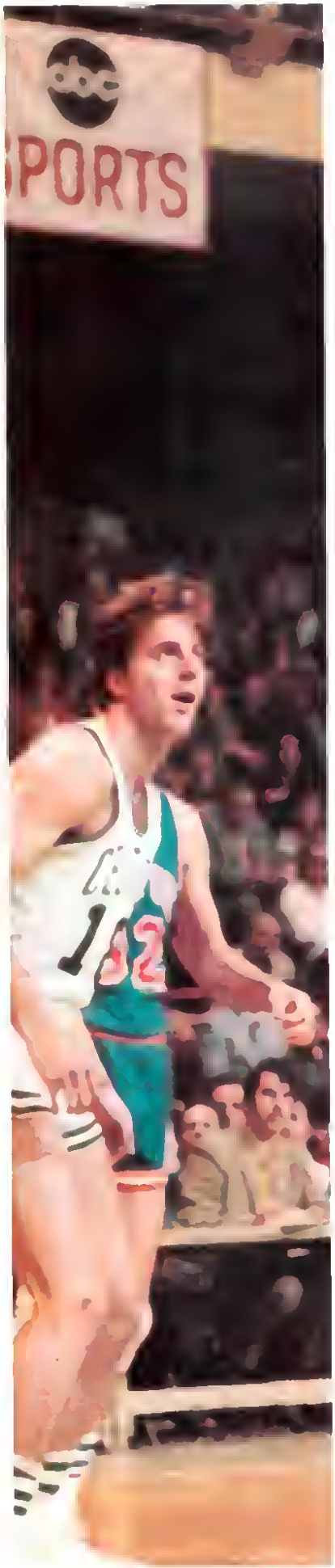
"It had been feeling better," said Havlicek of the shoulder he wrenched so badly in the third game that it had left his right arm dangling almost uselessly at his side ever since. "But when I needed it, it just wasn't there."

Without Havlicek close to top form when they needed him, the Celts did not have it, either. New York collapsed on their only two remaining offensive threats, Dave Cowens and Jo Jo White, and came up with its best defensive showing of the year. Playing his seventh exceptional game of the series, Walt Frazier scored 25 points, including nine in the third period when the Knicks broke to a 15-point lead, and he was aided and abetted by Dean Meminger, who came off the bench to put the clamps on White. But mostly it was one of those masterly, old-fashioned Knick team efforts. And it was just the sort of game New York will need in the finals against the Lakers, who looked as strong as ever after defeating the Warriors four games to one in the Western finals.

In a sense, the Knicks' seventh game victory was not unexpected, for it was a playoff series so lacking in discernible pattern that its lack of pattern was its most discernible characteristic. Frazier, Cowens and White performed consistently well, but the other men on the floor, including the referees, seemed disinclined to match them. No sooner would one team start to swing easy, to appear about to close the door on the other, than it would become unhinged. The result was a succession of switchbacks and setbacks that drove the players to emotional and physical exhaustion and left the fans teetering on the edge of their seats and schizophrenia.

It was a playoff in which the home-court advantage often wasn't. In three games at Madison Square Garden, where the Knicks had lost but six times all year, they won one by 33 points, took another in double overtime and then, when a win would have clinched the Eastern title in six games, lost by 10. Following two consecutive fourth quarters

*continued*




*Exemplifying the Knicks' resolve, Dave DeBusschere drives to the hoop over Paul Silas.*


CELTICS
35
22

during which they dissipated big leads, the Celtics clinched their most important victory with dominant play in the final period. Boston played 4¼ games with Havlicek either out of the lineup or playing lefthanded, and still prospered.

In the opener at the Boston Garden the Celts defeated New York 134–108 in a game that was not as close as the score. White, who had rarely played well against New York, was the primary cause. On previous occasions he often forced difficult shots in traffic, and the combination of the resultant wild misses and his hesitation shooting motion made him look like a man with an extra-large Golden Delicious lodged in his throat. Suddenly in these playoffs White often was a step ahead of his man, bursting in for driving baskets or selectively pulling up for his jumper. In the opener he led all scorers with 30 points, even though New York Coach Red Holzman tried Earl Monroe, Meminger, Henry Bibby and, finally, Frazier against him.

"He's usually six for 21 against us, or something like that," said Frazier of White, who hit 14 of 27 shots. "Tell him to stop that."

For the remainder of the series White rarely did. He averaged 23.6 points a game and, more importantly, teamed with Cowens to provide Boston with new, youthful leadership. It was their fresh maturity that kept the Celtics in the playoffs.

In the second game in New York the Knicks answered Boston's opening blast with a bigger one of their own. By winning 129–96, the Knicks handed the Celts their worst defeat in 216 playoff games and appeared to establish the home-court advantage as being more significant to the outcome of the series than Dave DeBusschere's jump shot or Paul Silas' offensive rebounding.

That was a theory dispelled two nights later in Boston when the Celts lost the game (98–91), the home-court edge, the services of Havlicek's shooting arm and any apparent hope of winning the series. Midway through the second half, as Boston rallied to cut a 15-point New York lead to two, Bill Bradley ran Havlicek into a blind pick set by DeBusschere. "I came across the baseline and set up," Dave said. "John didn't see me and Silas didn't call out the pick. John hit me so hard it drove me back." And so hard that Havlicek severely strained the trapezius muscle that runs from the nape of the neck along the back of the right shoulder. Havlicek left the game briefly, but had returned by the time the Knicks put together the first of their three fourth-quarter outbursts. New York scored 10 straight points early in the fourth period, six of them by Bradley, whom Havlicek was attempting to guard without being able to raise his right arm.

When Havlicek, wearing a brown blazer and checked trousers, walked across the Madison Square Garden court before the tip-off for the fourth game he was greeted by warm applause. It was a rare display of sportsmanship by New York's fans and, to a degree, self-serving, since they could well afford it. With Havlicek sitting on the bench in street clothes, it seemed certain the Knicks would finish the afternoon with a 3-1 series lead, the kind that is usually described as insurmountable.

True, but just barely. The Knicks were lax on defense, lethargic on offense. The team seemed to miss Monroe—who had bruised his right hip shortly before Havlicek had hurt his shoulder and was also on the bench—more than Boston missed Havlicek. By the end of the third quarter Cowens and White had 48 points between them, Silas had 21 rebounds all by himself and Boston led by 16 points.

Then Frazier went to work. Going into the final period he had scored 12 points. One quarter and two overtimes later, when the Knicks had won, 117–110, he had 37. He stole the ball and sprinted off for breakaway baskets; he directed fast breaks; he hit long jumpers and powerful drives against a defense zeroed in on him; twice he darted in for rebounds of his own missed shots and fired home jumpers.

And Frazier had some unexpected help. It came from his roommate, 6′10″ rookie John Gianelli. Holzman, who later admitted it was a desperate gamble,



*Bill Bradley has to connect on outside shots if New York is to overcome Los Angeles.*

sent Gianelli in when the Knicks trailed during the first overtime. He played the rest of the game, controlled the backboards, scored four of his 10 points and finished off Boston by blocking a potential game-tying shot by Cowens and drawing Dave's sixth foul on the same play.

The form of the fourth game persisted into the fifth at Boston, even though Havlicek came off the bench to score 18 points. The Celts took a six-point lead into the fourth quarter, and again New York pressured them out of the lead. The Knicks held Boston to one field goal in the final 8:12, a 30-foot heave by Silas, the team's poorest outside shooter. In fact, the Knick defense may have been too good. With seven seconds to play and the Celts behind by a point, Frazier forced White to shoot an off-balance, twisting jumper as he scampered across the lane. Three New York rebounders, their backs to the shooter, surrounded the basket. If the shot had hit the rim, one of them almost surely would have grabbed it. Instead, it fell short and into the hands of Silas, who had barreled across from the other side of the basket into what is usually bad rebounding position—directly below the goal and facing the court. DeBusschere fouled Silas, who made two free throws even though he is also the worst foul-shooter among Boston's regulars, and the Celts won 98–97.

Boston's strategy in the sixth game, which it won 110–100, was to prevent New York from concentrating its defense. Silas and Don Chaney, the most reluctant Celtic shooters, were told to fire away and they did, making 13 of 18 shots. Those tactics paid off in the fourth period, which began with the score tied 82–82, because by then the Knicks' defense was no longer oriented to clogging the middle against Cowens. The Boston center put on a game-ending performance equal to Frazier's two games earlier. He blasted past Jerry Lucas for sweeping hooks and open jumpers; he grabbed seven of his team's nine rebounds in the final quarter and on defense he switched off, stepped out and so bothered New York's shooters that they made only eight of 23 shots, many of them from far outside.

"If his shots are dropping in, there's nothing I can do with him," said Lucas with a shrug. "He's so quick, he's like a 6′ 9″ Jerry West. One minute he's standing in front of you and the next he's gone, rolling in toward the basket or straight up in the air shooting his jumper. It's like he disappears." And so it was not until Sunday that the gallant Celtics all disappeared.



*New York has to stop L.A.'s Gail Goodrich, who scored nearly at will in last year's playoffs.*

The Knicks must find a way to contend with a center who is very much there as they confront Wilt Chamberlain and the rest of the Lakers this week. The two teams have played in the finals twice in the previous three seasons, but the past may be no guide to the current series. The Knicks are no longer the team they were three years ago when Willis Reed led them to the championship, sustaining an injury en route that still curtails his effectiveness. And the Lakers are not quite the powerhouse that overwhelmed New York 4-1 last year. Happy Hairston is coming off surgery and a slower Bill Bridges figures to play much more than Happy. Chamberlain's zest for the game occasionally seemed diminished during the season, but he had an aroused series against Golden State. He will have to do the same against the Knicks if the Lakers are to repeat as champions.

It is likely both offenses will struggle in this series and that could make Jerry West and Frazier (*see cover*), the two best guards in the pros, even more important than usual. Both are looked to by their teams to make the pressure baskets in close games, to use their extraordinary senses of anticipation to make rally-starting steals.

"It will be nice to see Jerry," said Frazier with a grin after the final win in the Boston Garden. "Between us it is going to be a battle of pride." And a battle between the old champion and a young one. West, who will turn 35 later this month, is approaching the end of his career, while at 28 Frazier is at the top of his game.

"There's no question that there are a lot of things I can't do that I once could, particularly on offense," says West. "At one time I felt I could get a real good shot anytime I wanted to. Now I feel I can get a shot anytime, but it may not be as good as the ones I used to get." Just how many good ones West can get—and just how good Frazier has gotten—could be a decisive factor in determining the NBA champion. AND

# OFF THE BIKE AND INTO THE BOX



*Baseball's designated hitters are not all sound of limb, but they are giving the game more punch than it has had*

**by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

If Joe Cronin, president of the American League, has recently written a letter to Charles S. Feeney, his National League counterpart, it must read something like this:

Dear Charles:

You probably haven't had time to peek through those stained glass windows in your office to see how the designated hitter (formerly designated pinch hitter) is doing in our little old experimental league. Well, I have to say it is doing much better than we had anticipated. So much so, in fact, that I am sending to you under separate cover the large black hat that I was forced to wear after our owners voted to adopt the new rule last January while yours decided against doing so. As you well know by now, Charles, our pitchers no longer come to bat, while yours still do. With the season nearly one-eighth completed no American League pitcher has stepped into a batter's box, but our probings have yet to turn up one case of a fan sitting on a curbstone crying because of this break with tradition.

Granted, not everyone over here is in total agreement with the rule. A few of our managers remain opposed to it. But that just might be because the fans are now catching on to how it can be used and misused, and are commencing to second-guess the managers. As we both realize, that might be great stuff for fans but it certainly isn't too good for job security.

I noticed last weekend that there were nine games in your league in which a team scored one run or less. I hadn't realized there were that many Cy Youngs still around. Truthfully, Charles, the shutout factor in both our leagues has been getting out of hand. At the rate the Nationals are going, your fellows may throw a record number.

Although it is still early to be absolutely certain about the DH, I do note that for the first time in my memory the American League is outhitting the National—by .246 to .242. And our games seem more exciting. Tell your pitchers to keep swinging away. We'll play over here with what we've got. Thanks so much for letting us go out on our own on this, and best of luck with the hat.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph E. Cronin

Naturally, Joe Cronin has written no such letter to Chub Feeney, but he could, he could. In three short weeks the DH *has* put more punch and excitement and scoring into the game—a hallowed game, agreed, but one that was being smothered by the excellence of the pitching. Heavily criticized by some before it was given a chance to see the sunlight—a phony rule it was called, desperate, Mickey Mouse, a rewriting of Beethoven—

*Boston's Orlando Cepeda (.355) exercises his damaged knees at Fenway between at bats.*

the designated hitter is doing only what it was intended to do. A comparison of the DH and the NL pitcher as batter through last Friday is most revealing:

The designated hitters have been at bat 730 times and have scored 91 runs, made 175 hits, gotten 93 RBIs, hit 20 home runs and averaged .240. In the National League, pitchers—and pinch hitters for the pitchers—have been at bat 698 times and have scored 47 runs, made 107 hits, gotten 44 RBIs, hit three home runs and averaged .153.

By scoring runs and driving teammates in, the Desis—as they are called here and there—had a run-production total of 164, while their counterparts in the National were generating only 88. Overall, the American League, for the first time since 1969, was scoring more runs than the National. It was averaging better than eight runs a game, the NL fewer than eight.

Most of the early outrage over the DH was caused by the deep thinkers of baseball. "Scratch an intellectual and you will find a baseball fan," it has been said. It is seldom suggested, however, that if you scratch him twice you may find a woefully naive one. Let's face it, the rule is working—and producing a new set of heroes who are functioning under unusual pressures.

When the season began, the most publicized of the Desis was Orlando Cepeda, a tremendous hitter bothered throughout his career by bad legs. Boston plucked Cepeda from the beaches of Puerto Rico and put him to work. Orlando went to bat 11 times without getting a hit. Then he came up in the bottom of the ninth in a game at Fenway against the Yankees with the score tied. He hit a homer to win it. Manager Eddie Kasko, certainly no advocate of the rule, played Cepeda one more game as a DH and then replaced him. "Don't give up on me," Cepeda pleaded. "I *will* hit." For awhile after Kasko put Cepeda back in the lineup, he didn't, and his average hovered at .120. But then hits began flying off Cepeda's bat the way they had during 15 seasons in the National League, where he had a lifetime average of .298. Suddenly he was among the leaders with a .355 average, 12 RBIs and five home runs.

Cepeda's knees are in such bad shape he goes to the trainer's room at Fenway Park between innings, works out on an Exercycle and lifts weights with his feet. The Desi rule has saved him.

"I have had the problem of gaining confidence in my knees after my last operation," Cepeda says, "but I know I can do this job." Cepeda is 35 and hopes to play two more years as a Desi. At least he has the breeding to do so. His father, Perucho Cepeda, known as the Ty Cobb of Puerto Rico, played until he was 45.

There were additional heroes. No fewer than five of the league's top 10 hitters have functioned full or part time as Desis: Ed (Spanky) Kirkpatrick of Kansas City (.386), Jim Ray Hart of the Yankees (.385), Alex Johnson of Texas (.368), Mike Andrews of Chicago (.366) and Cepeda. Hart was picked up recently by the Yankees not only because he is a good hitter but because New York was seeing far too many left-handed pitchers. When the season started, the Yankees used Johnny Callison, Ron Blomberg and Ron Swoboda as Desis and they hit only .077. Last week Swoboda sat in as host of a radio phone-in show in New York and one of the callers asked, "Ron, do you have a better chance to win the pennant now that you have Jim Ray Hart as a DH?"

"Boy," answered Swoboda, "do I love you guys who jump on the bandwagon!"

Hart, once a third baseman, says, "I like this job very much. I have three gloves in my locker and I hope they fall apart from age before I get a chance to use them. I don't miss playing in the field. I might just get a rocking chair for the dugout like old Satch Paige had."

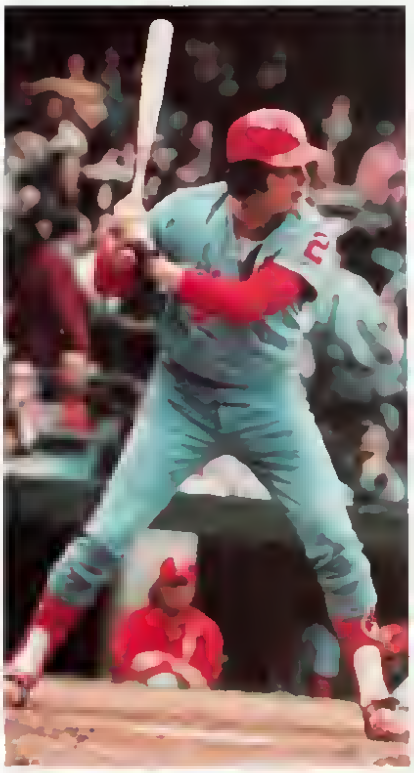
If you could look deep into the mind of Chicago Manager Chuck Tanner when you ask the question, "How do you like the rule?" you would probably see "I don't" flashing in neon. Publicly, Tanner says, "Let's wait a whole season before we judge it. There is no doubt that it has helped our team score."

The hottest Desi for Chicago has been Andrews, a second baseman somewhat deficient in range. "It's a lot of fun being the DH when you are hitting," says Andrews, "and I guess I feel the pressure a little less than some because we have a fine hitting lineup. But you have so much time to waste you have to make yourself bear down. I feel the brunt of baseball is still hitting. I study more now and move around a lot to find out things, to keep myself active."

Minnesota's Danny Walton has produced two homers as a DH, one a game-winning grand-slam while pinch-hitting for DH Tony Oliva. "I just sit on the bench and try to follow the game," says Walton. "You can accept not playing every day. I know some days I will be a designated hitter and some days I'll play third. It's giving me a chance to play up here."

The other grand slam produced by a DH came from Ron Lolich of Cleveland, who hit one against Boston with two outs and the Indians three runs down in the bottom of the ninth. "I had a terrible headache," said Lolich. "Had it all day. I took a couple of aspirin. But, you know, I think the headache helped relax me when I went to the plate. Maybe it blotted out the pressure. I just saw a ball and swung at it."

Naturally, some questions remain. Will Cepeda & Co. get better as the weather warms? Can the National League pitchers hit any worse? If you see Chub Feeney wearing that black hat, you will know that both answers are yes. **END**



*Chicago's Mike Andrews is a .366 Desi.*

# THE WON AND LOST WEEKEND






*At Des Moines, anchor man Dave Wottle comes in ahead of Manhattan's Tony Colon. At Philadelphia, Wottle waits forlornly for his baton as Ken Schappert hands off to John Hartnett.*

*Attempting a unique double, the Bowling Green four-mile relay team came in first at Drake but finished second, alas, at Penn 23 hours later*

by RON REID

As a training technique designed to reward distance runners with first places and record times, it may be safe to say that jet travel rates only slightly higher than chain-smoking. You might have noticed it last Saturday in Philadelphia, where Dave Wottle and "the other milers of Bowling Green" found out that Kipling's unforgiving minute, when measuring recovery time, can be absolutely heartless. Bowling Green's disappointment was born of an ambition that looked somewhat presumptuous when it came up against the resolve of Villanova in the 79th annual Penn Relays, which were contested under a bruise-colored sky and in a chill rain at Franklin Field. Yet the weekend plan of Steve Danforth, Bruce Vermilyea, Craig Macdonald and their celebrated teammate, Wottle, was as admirable as it was adventuresome. No other team, after all, had ever tried what the Falcons had in mind—winning back-to-back, four-mile relay titles in the Drake Relays at Des Moines and in the Penn Relays, all in the space of 23 hours.

The intent was noble enough to provide Bowling Green with a lusty cheering section at each venue, including some folks who expected the Falcons to set meet records at both ends of their trek, and perhaps even threaten the national collegiate standard of 16:09 established by Oregon 11 years ago.

"Normally, we wouldn't think of doing something like this," said Coach Mel Brodt. "But Bowling Green is halfway between Des Moines and Philadelphia, and it would be nice for both the Midwest and the East to get a chance to see Wottle run in his final season of collegiate competition."

It is exceedingly difficult, of course, to run a tough competitive mile one day after flying 1,100 miles after running a tough competitive mile, but even with that in mind there was reason for op-

timism. Bowling Green had won earlier four-mile relays with relative ease in Kentucky (16:55.4) and Kansas (16:24) before its grand commute, the Falcons had set the Drake standard of 16:26.4 in 1970; and in Wottle, the Olympic 800-meter champion and co-holder of the world record, the team had an anchor man with an unrivaled finishing kick. For their own part, the Bowling Green runners were concerned only with winning both races. "Every time we try to go after some kind of record, we do lousy," said Macdonald.

Thus the practice week went as Bowling Green practice weeks will, which means running in a mob the size of a football team, engaging in infield wrestling matches and exchanging personal barbed jokes. Each is an aspect of the togetherness which Brodt and Wottle point to as the Falcons' most conspicuous team characteristic.

"Track is like a fraternity at Bowling Green," Wottle said the night before the race at Drake. "Every workout is loose and there are a lot of things that are hilarious. The current thing is cutting people down. No one takes it seriously and it helps to keep your mind off running, which is good."

Wottle got a few zingers to lay on his track brothers from the Drake program, which captioned a picture of the three relay runners and middle-distance man Rick Schnittker as "the other milers of Bowling Green."

"Handsome group, isn't it?" said Macdonald.

It looked even better on Friday with a sterling performance that held off a challenge by Manhattan, for whom the gutsy Tony Colon ran a 3:59.1 anchor leg. Manhattan's race was all the more remarkable in that Joe Savage, who has a 3:40.6 1,500 to his credit, was disabled with tendinitis. Bowling Green took the relay in a meet and American citizens' record 16:19.6 to beat the NCAA indoor champions by two full seconds, and while Wottle's kick handled Colon, it was the 10-yard lead provided by Dave's teammates that made the job easy.

Danforth, a 21-year-old senior from the Toledo suburb of Temperance, Mich., (the nearest bar is 10 blocks away) opened with a 4:07.2 leg to make amends for his 4:10 lead-off in the Kansas Relays. "I was the honker that week," Danforth said. "I ran a smarter race today. I was closer to the front when I started my kick." Vermilyea, a sophomore biology major from Kenyon, Minn. who pulled a straight A average last term, ran a 4:07.7 to hold third place behind Kansas State and Indiana when he handed off to Macdonald, whose imposing physique has earned him the nickname of Spider.

As a cross-country runner at Ward Melville High School in Setauket, N.Y., Macdonald's picture appeared in FACES IN THE CROWD (SI, Dec. 1, 1969), which prompted Brodt to send him a letter extolling the virtues of Bowling Green. Macdonald has lowered his lifetime best for the open mile from 4:29 as a prep to 4:05, and at Des Moines he ran a 4:04.2 to give Bowling Green its lead.

Wottle finished up with a 4:00.2 that undoubtedly would have been faster had Colon been closer at the exchange. "He ran a great race," Wottle said, "but I felt that I could let him catch up and still outkick him because he had more distance to make up and he'd be more tired than I was."

"I thought I could catch him," Colon said, "but he's smart. He saw me coming and opened up eight yards on me right away. If we had started even, it would have been an interesting race. To run against Wottle, you have to use your speed on him early to strip away that kick of his."

A crowd of 15,700 witnessed Bowling Green's victory and if any among them doubted that the Falcons' anchor man was the same Wottle who was a sensation in Munich, they changed their minds during the flag-raising ceremony which followed. Sure enough, there was Dave Wottle, again standing under his hat during the national anthem, just as he did in the Olympics. This time, however, he remembered before the band finished playing and yanked the golf cap off with visible chagrin.

"When I wear it in a race," he said, "I don't even feel it on my head and that's why I forget to take it off." Wottle and the others then "warmed down" by running halfway back to their hotel two miles away before leaving for the airport.

In a municipal rip-off, the city of Des Moines charges airline passengers a $1 boarding pass fee for the privilege of getting out of town. Had Brodt known what awaited his team in Philadelphia—a city, incidentally, that used to perpetrate the same kind of gouge—he would have saved five bucks and walked to Ohio.

In a word, nothing went right for the Falcons in Philly. For one, the weather was rotten—traditional Villanova weather. For two, in the marshaling area known as The Paddock, a fatuous official monotonously intoned, "No hats, no headbands. No hats, no headbands," seemingly for the sole purpose of annoying Wottle, who risked disqualification by wearing his cap. That was trivial stuff, however, less noticeable than the obvious fact that Bowling Green hadn't recovered from Friday's record run and would offer no challenge to Villanova, three of whose runners had competed on its victorious distance medley team the day before and would help the Wildcats win the two-mile relay later that afternoon. While Danforth struggled into sixth place with a 4:12.5 first leg, Irish import Eamonn Coghlan gave the Wildcats the lead with a 4:09.9. His handoff went to Brian McElroy, who put the race out of reach. McElroy, who left Kansas 2½ seasons ago after becoming disenchanted with the training regimen of Coach Bob Timmons, turned in a 4:06.4 leg that improved Villanova's first-place margin to 80 yards. Ken Schappert ran 4:11.7 before John Hartnett, another Irishman, unleashed a dandy 4:03.7, the Wildcats winning by more than 100 yards in 16:31.7, a time that would not have earned them sixth place at Drake. After Danforth, Bowling Green's splits were Vermilyea 4:14.7, Macdonald 4:11.9 and Wottle an eased-up 4:06.8, for a sorry 16:45.9. The Olympian would have had to run a 3:52.5 for the Falcons to win. "I wish we could have been closer to them," Macdonald said. "It was a letdown after yesterday when we ran so well. It's been a long weekend. Maybe we got on each other's nerves."

"We knew we had to run a front race and give John [Hartnett] all the lead possible, for Dave has a great wallop at the end," said Villanova Coach Jumbo Jim Elliott.

McElroy, essentially a half-miler, attributed his fine leg to an inspirational oration from Elliott.

"Can you believe it," McElroy said, "I've just had my first pep talk from Jumbo, and the funny thing is, it worked."

Obviously, staying at home is the only way to fly. **END**

# LITTLE BIG MAN OF THE BLACK HAWKS

*A heavy burden rests on diminutive Pat Stapleton's shoulders—a chip, too—as the Chicago defenseman skates against Montreal* **by MARK MULVOY**



As Chicago opened hostilities with Montreal this week for possession of the Stanley Cup, it was perhaps fitting that some of the Black Hawks' largest hopes lay with the smallest defenseman on the ice. What Chicago could not accomplish in the same situation in 1965 and 1971 with the bullets of Bobby Hull it was now attempting with teamwork and defense—and the breakaways that could develop through the alertness of that defense. In the Chicago scheme of things no man was more important than 5' 7" Pat Stapleton, the team's unfrocked captain but a most conscientious worker.

Indeed, whenever Stapleton comes into focus it seems that he is doing the work of two men, on the ice and off. Take one stretch of 24 hours last week as an example. He was outstanding as Chicago finished off the New York Rangers to gain the finals. He also closed a $600,000 deal to build an ice-skating arena in Westlake, Ohio, promised to provide two dozen *old* friends with tickets for the games against the Canadiens, stole teammate Doug Jarrett's new tennis racket, debated mortgage rates with a New York financier, checked on the 165 head of cattle at his ranch outside Adelaide, Ontario, dunned some reluctant bill-payers, thanked a Catholic nun named Sister Josita for praying for the Black Hawks and agreed to lead the Naperville, Ill. Junior Olympians in a parade.

For Stapleton, those activities were just another day's work and play. The most satisfying activity, of course, was the 4–1 game and series victory over the Rangers, for New York had been favored to win. Although Stapleton was a dominant force in the game, his contribution was largely missing from the statistics. He was credited with one assist; in fact, he initiated the passing plays that led to each Chicago goal. And though officially he scored only six points in the five games with the Rangers, he was on the ice when Chicago got 12 of its 15 goals.

"Finding the puck was never any problem," mumbled Captain Vic Hadfield of the Rangers. "Stapleton always had it. Trouble was, we couldn't get it away from him." Stapleton and lanky Bill White have formed hockey's best defensive pair the last three seasons, and in cup games they always play at least 40 of the 60 minutes. White contentedly anchors himself to the Chicago blue line, but the irascible Stapleton roves throughout center ice on search-and-destroy missions, anticipating plays and then darting in front of opposing forwards to filch the puck from them. "We completed more passes to Stapleton than to any of our own guys," mourned one confused Ranger.

Once Stapleton steals the puck he either headmans it to one of his streaking forwards or cruises to the opposition blue line and fires it at the goaltender.



*In a typical encounter Pat gets a bear hug but keeps opponents at bay in fight for puck.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD FUCHS

"Most people think I'm an offensive defenseman, but I'm not," Stapleton says. "An offensive defenseman is someone like Bobby Orr who carries the puck in deep. Me? I rarely, if ever, take the puck more than a stride or two across the blue line before getting rid of it."

"If Stapleton plays against Montreal the way he played against us," says New York Coach Emile Francis, "the Black Hawks will beat the Canadiens."

Stapleton did his part in Sunday's opener in Montreal by firing lead passes that were converted into three Chicago goals. The defensive part of the equation didn't quite work out, though. After being up 2–0 and 3–2, in the end Chicago was routed 8–3 because it could not cope with the Canadiens' speed and close-in passes. The Black Hawk goalie, Tony Esposito, was replaced in the third period by Gary Smith. "We had 'em," said Stapleton, "and we let 'em get away."

Regardless of how the Black Hawks ultimately fare against the Canadiens, there is a strong possibility that the 32-year-old Stapleton will not play for them next season. His relationship with Chicago management deteriorated after Coach Billy Reay snipped the captain's C from his jersey three years ago when he had the audacity to hold out for a better contract. Early this season Reay suddenly benched Stapleton and began to play some of his rookie defensemen alongside White. But without Stapleton in the lineup the Black Hawks were listless. Finally, Center Stan Mikita, the team's senior citizen, publicly criticized the benching of Stapleton, and almost immediately Reay restored him to his regular role.

"It's a strange thing," Stapleton says with a grin, "but the wheel always turns. There's a top and a bottom. One day you're on the bottom, the next day you're on top. My day on top will be coming soon." What Stapleton means is that

*continued*

the Los Angeles Sharks of the WHA have offered Stapleton more money for one season than the Black Hawks have ever paid him for three.

Ironically, Stapleton's contract hassle three years ago prompted a change in his way of life that ultimately should make him very prosperous if the WHA does not do it first. For almost 30 years Stapleton was a basic uncomplicated hockey player. Born in Sarnia, Ontario, he was the smallest kid on the block and, as a result, spent most of his early days dodging pucks as a goaltender. "I was eight years old when I told them what they could do with their goaltender's equipment," he says. After that defiance Stapleton alternated between left wing and defense, and eventually he left Sarnia at the age of 17 to play for the Chicago-sponsored junior team at St. Catharine's, Ontario. He was the runt of the team.

Stapleton turned professional with Sault Ste. Marie in 1960, and at the end of the season he was drafted by the Boston Bruins. "The Bruins had a terrible team then," he says. "I never played very well. I really began to wonder if I was too small to be in the NHL. After all, if I couldn't play for the Bruins, who could I play for?" Hoping that Stapleton would grow a few inches, Boston sent him to Portland of the Western League for two years. "I learned how to play the game out there," he says. "I had always tried to muscle people and, of course, it never worked. In Portland I learned how to finesse them, how to box them away from the goal without getting run over." In his second season with Portland, Stapleton scored 29 goals and 57 assists and was voted the league's top defenseman.

As a reward Boston recalled him, but immediately traded him to Toronto, which owned his contract for less than 24 hours before the Black Hawks reclaimed him in the player draft. Stapleton started the 1965-66 season with Chicago's farm club in St. Louis, played there for a few weeks and then was recalled by the Hawks when they were besieged by injuries. Stapleton stayed on as a regular and played so well that he was voted to the league's All-Star team. Then he was named captain of the Black Hawks, a move Bobby Hull applauded by saying, "He *is* our inspiration."

Stapleton was paying his price in stitches. Doctors have sewn more than 600 of them into his face. "When you're little," Stapleton says resignedly, "you get a lot of sticks in your face that other players get in their chest." Pucks, too. One night Stapleton almost lost his right eye when a Bernie Geoffrion slap shot thudded above it. In February of 1970 he crashed into a goalpost in Chicago and tore up his knee. "The doctors told me I probably would never play again," he says.

The Black Hawks obviously thought Stapleton was finished, too, and refused to offer him a raise with his new contract. "I guess they figured I was a cripple and not worth any more," he says. For the first time in his career he worried about the future. He owned the cattle farm in Adelaide, but that alone would not support a family of seven. Then he had an idea. . . .



*A superpest at center ice, Stapleton often steals the puck and initiates Chicago rushes.*

"C'mon," Stapleton said to his 9-year-old son Tommy, "let's go home." Practice was over, and Stapleton was ready to go to work. He manipulated his new Thunderbird onto the expressway and drove to his five-bedroom Dutch Colonial house in Naperville, a quiet community some 30 miles straight west of The Loop. He politely declined the lunch his wife Jackie had prepared, then drove quickly to his office.

Stapleton, stung to action by his Black Hawk salary tussle, is the co-founder and president of Icearena Inc., a company that builds arenas for the low, low price of $600,000. Waiting for Stapleton when he walked into Icearena's five-room suite in the Lisle Professional Center were his partner, Dick Glassford, a secretary named Joyce and a bookkeeper named Carol.

"Any calls today, Joyce?" he asked.

"Yes, this friend of yours needs tickets for Sunday's game," she said.

He started to read his mail. "I should be able to go to that thing in Naperville," he told Joyce.

"It's a parade," she said. "They say you're supposed to be in charge of something. Here it is. You'll be the guest athlete and lead the Junior Olympians in a drill."

"Cripes," he said, "I can't do five pushups. Tell them I'll be there after practice. About noon."

"Dun and Bradstreet also called," Joyce said. "They wanted to know how many employees we have. I told them 32 full-time people and about 32 part-time."

"Good," he said.

On one wall of Stapleton's sparsely furnished office was a map of metropolitan Chicago studded with colored pins. "There are exactly 29 rinks in the Chicago area," Stapleton said. "The orange dots are the commercial rinks, the yellow dots municipal rinks, the red dots our rinks, the blue dots rinks we hear have been proposed and the red-blue dots rinks we are planning to build ourselves."

At present Icearena Inc. has two rinks in operation, one at Downers Grove, the other at Carol Stream, both within 20 minutes of the company's offices. "Rinks are a nickel-and-dime business," he said. "We're not going to make any quick bucks from them. I think, though, we are on the good side of what will be a great hockey wave in Chicago. I can see the day when there will be 150 or 175 rinks in Chicago."

For $600,000, Icearena can provide a so-called turn-key operation in just 120 days. "That includes everything from paper clips to the Zamboni resurfacing machine to one American and one Canadian flag over the scorekeeper's bench," Stapleton said.

Picking up the phone, he dialed a mortgage broker in New York.

*continued*



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After all, if the kid who always wanted a Vette doesn't deserve to own one, who does?

*Take a second to buckle up. It could save a lifetime.*



"Jim, are you still talking to me after your Rangers bit the dust?" he said. Then: "What do you mean, 11½'? We got 7½', on our first building and 8¼', on the second. When's the rate coming down, anyway?"

When Stapleton *put* down the phone, Carol, the bookkeeper, came into the office with Glassford. "This is a list of delinquent people," she said. "I've sent them two letters already and given them a date when we'll send their bills to a collection agency. Do I give them a third chance—or what?"

Stapleton looked perplexed. "I'd pound it to them," Glassford said. "No, I guess Pat has his P.R. image to consider." After discussing the alternatives, Stapleton decided that he would send personal letters to the delinquents.

"All right, time for lunch," he said, "and then I've got to drive downtown and pick up Jack Zitzman. He's a man who's building a rink in Ohio, and he's giving us the money today." Stapleton drove next door to the King's Palace, a bastion of patriotism where the owner, Sam Sutter, stops everything in late evening and leads the diners in a chorus of *America the Beautiful*. Sutter would not let Stapleton pay for lunch. "If you hadn't won," Glassford said amiably, "nobody around here would know you."

Driving back into Chicago, Stapleton reflected on his career as a rink builder and manager. "I made a rule when we opened the Downers Grove rink that a buzzer had to go off every two minutes and the coaches had to change their lineups in kids' games," he said. "The coaches hated it. They wanted to win. I want the kids, all the kids, to play hockey. Who cares whether you win or lose at the age of 7 or 8?"

Stapleton's hockey future clearly is aligned with his rink-building interests. "I don't want to play in a city that has too many rinks," he said. "I want a place with virgin rink territory. Chicago, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, Kansas City. Places like that. I still enjoy the game, sure. And I don't think I've lost anything. I'm trying to look down the road 15 or 25 years."

At Meigs Field, Stapleton parked his Thunderbird in a no-parking zone and went inside to meet Zitzman. "Good going against New York," Zitzman said. Stapleton shrugged his shoulders. "No last-minute problems, are there, Jack?" he said. "Let's sign the papers." **END**





# WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S LUIS

**Onca a baaaball tragady and now tha object of adoration in Fanway Park, Luis Tiant puffs dollar cigars averywhara but on the playing field. Thara ha fires tantalizing faatballs from astonishing anglas** ***by MYRON COPE***



From that momentous August day last season when Manager Eddie Kasko arrived at a what-have-I-got-to-lose decision and resurrected old Luis Tiant from the Boston Red Sox bullpen to a place in the regular rotation, the finest pitcher in baseball was not, surprisingly, Steve Carlton, the Philadelphia Franchise. Not that Carlton's brilliance diminished. From Aug. 5, he won 11 games, lost four and pitched three shutouts. But Tiant, the chesty Cuban exile who is 32 years old, at a minimum, and has cackled his way across the years in a voice that causes him to be called the toughest right-handed soprano in baseball, won 11 games, lost two and pitched six shutouts. And picking up where he left off in September, Tiant won his first two starts this season before Detroit caught him cold in the third game and drove him to the showers.

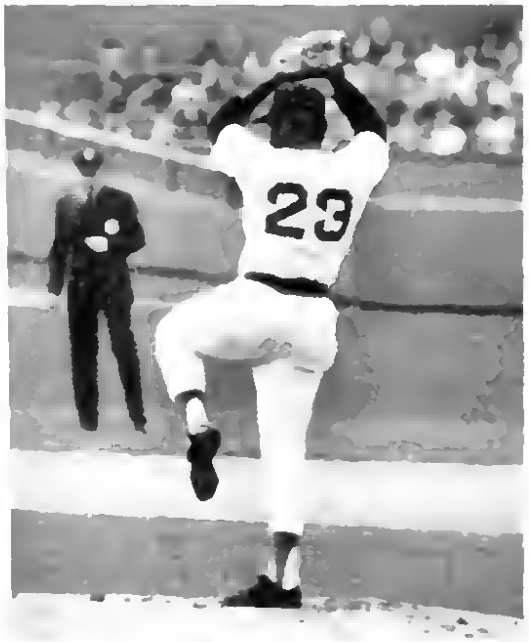
The Red Sox concede that it was Luie who carried them to their second-place 1972 finish, only half a game short of a divisional title. Losing the hair on his head but sporting a great horseshoe mustache that descends in two muttonchops to the bottom of either side of his jaw, Tiant wears a $1 cigar that remains fixed in his teeth even as he soaps himself under a shower. "Players throw water on him," says Trainer Buddy LeRoux, "but nobody has ever been able to put out his cigar." By the same token, though his career less than two years ago had plummeted close to unemployment, nothing could snuff out Luie's destiny.

His winning method—a searing fastball delivered repetitiously but from a greater variety of angles than could be mustered by an octopus—may be likened to his monologues, in which he approaches his point from every conceivable avenue to put together his pitch. Is it true, you ask him, that he is so deathly afraid of airplane landings that his screaming and wailing and entreaties to the Almighty have brought alarmed stewardesses to his seat on the dead run?

"Only way you can play baseball is to take a plane," Luie begins. "I can do nothing about it. That's the way we travel. If you want to keep playing you have to take a plane. It's quick, it's comfortable. Anything you need, they got it. It's good way. My wife get mad at me when we fly together because I holler, but what you going to do? I afraid. All these mountains can get up too much. You can see others afraid from their faces. They laugh now, but when they get closer to die, that's when they cry. Aparicio afraid—18 year in big league. Harper afraid. One trip, I looking and the wing miss hitting the runway by two inches, and boom! The wheel hit the runway and bounce. Someone say, 'What happened?' And I say, 'Look out, we just might die.' They laugh but they afraid. But what you going to do? If you play baseball, you have to take a plane. It's quick. It's comfortable. Anything you need. . . ."

Like Tiant's verbal flights, his fastball, relieved only occasionally by an average curveball, slider or knuckler, arrives over home plate from whatever direction Luie's fertile brain has programmed. There he stands, the uniform number on his back turned toward the hitter, his head jerking like a speed bag, his right hand apparently waving greetings to his centerfielder. *Whoosh.* Fastball. Or maybe his small brown eyes are fixed firmly on the third-base coach. Whoosh. Fastball. "Dammit, look at home plate!" the hitters bellow. From overarm, three-quarters, sidearm or submarining, Luie's fastballs keep coming while his gaze takes in a vendor splashing mustard on a hot dog or counts the Tiant banners in the Fenway Park bleachers. "Oh, I looking," Luie says. "I might look at last minute, yes, but I have an idea where I want to throw the ball. Home plate where it always been. Most time all your life you throw the

*continued*



**BATTER'S VIEW** of Tiant at the start of his deliveries is typically, of his numerals as he gazes past second-base ump toward the bleachers

ball across home plate, so I know where it is. Like second baseman have to throw to hrst without looking. He know where first base is. I looking but maybe only at last minute. . ."

Sox Outfielder Reggie Smith sits on a clubhouse stool, doubled over with laughter, gasping as he again witnesses an episode in his mind's eye. Carl Yastrzemski at bat, Tiant (then in a Cleveland uniform) on the mound. Luie throwing nothing but fastballs that rise fiercely to the height of Yaz' letters—deliciously hittable fastballs, every one, hut each thrown from a different recess of Luie's whirling fuselage. "It was hilarious, unless you were Yastrzemski," says Smith.

Anyhow, Yastrzemski strikes out, and innings later he again flails away at a variety of deliveries that without exception propel fasthalls and again strikes out. His third time at bat, Yastrzemski is dropping to one knee, his grunting can be heard in the outfield. Zip, zip, zip, and he's out on three fastballs. He returns to the dugout resigned to acknowledging that he has played a role somewhat akin to the Marx Brothers racing on a treadmill. "One of these days," says Reggie Smith, wiping a tear from his eye, "a hitter is going to look up and find that Luie has thrown him the resin bag—right between his legs."

Accounts of Tiant's legerdemain abound, but if that is the case, why has he never won a Cy Young Award? Why has he failed to achieve the renown of a Koufax or a Carlton or even a Gaylord Perry? The answer is that at the peak of his career, after he had won 21 games for the 1968 Cleveland Indians and led the league with an earned run average of 1.60, he abruptly became a stumblebum for a melange of reasons that included excessive weight, poor batting support, meddlesome coaching that attempted to alter his style and a fractured shoulder blade. The year after he won 21, he lost 20, thus commencing a trek that took him to Minnesota, Richmond and Louisville before he finally arrived in Boston to win standing ovations beyond even those that Bobby Doerr and Ted Williams once received.

In those final two months of last season, he pitched complete games in every one of his 11 victories. Trim at 190 pounds and sound of arm, he threw four consecutive shutouts. "He knows how to close out a game," says Gabe Paul, Luie's onetime front-office boss at Cleveland. "Some guys can't pick up the pot, but Luie's nostrils dilate when the money is on the table." His 1.91 earned run average not only led the league but made him the first Red Sox pitcher with an ERA below 2.00 since Carl Mays in 1917. Having been only a spot starter through the first four months, he nevertheless won 15 games and only twice all year gave up more than three runs.

"At Fenway he's a folk hero," says Larry Claflin of the *Boston Herald American*. "And, oh, is he playing the role!" Continuing to pitch occasionally in relief during his torrid August-September stretch, Luie sashayed in from the bullpen to the accompaniment of a roaring, step-by-step ovation, savoring it. "It'd take him half an hour to get to the mound," says Claflin, "but how can you blame him? The poor guy spent half his life in Cleveland pitching in front of 30 people."

Rarely has popularity been more deserved, for throughout his career Tiant has maintained a disposition remarkably cheerful for a major league hallplayer. An only child, banished from his homeland 11 years ago for choosing to make his fortune in American baseball, he has waited in vain, but not without hope, for the Castro government to permit his aged parents to join him. To measure the pain of that separation, one must appreciate that the Tiants were a typically Cuban family, which is to say close-knit, devoted and disciplined. Indeed, Luis Tiant Sr., now a 67-year-old Havana filling-station attendant but once a crack left handed pitcher in the American black leagues, opposed his son's baseball career in the expectation that the boy would come to as undistinguished an end as he had. Luie, at the time a teen-age shoe repairman in Cuba, makes it clear that had his father not relented, he never would have left home to pitch. "If he say I no go, I no go."

During the off-season, Luie lives with his Mexican wife and two children in a six-bedroom house in Mexico City, but by contemporary baseball standards his brilliance has gone relatively unrewarded. In Havana, American scouts rejected him on the ground that his sidearm style inevitably would ruin his arm, so he had to make his way to American baseball by first pitching three years for the Mexico City Tigers at $150 a month. When he won 21 games for Cleveland in '68, his 10th year of baseball, the Indians jumped him from $20,000 to $50,000, but his subsequent plunge to 20 losses sidetracked him just as $100,000 salaries for the gifted were about to become commonplace. "I tell you, I been 'way down in this game," says Luie. "I been in—what you call it? the big box. Yes, the coffin. I been in the coffin, but I got out."

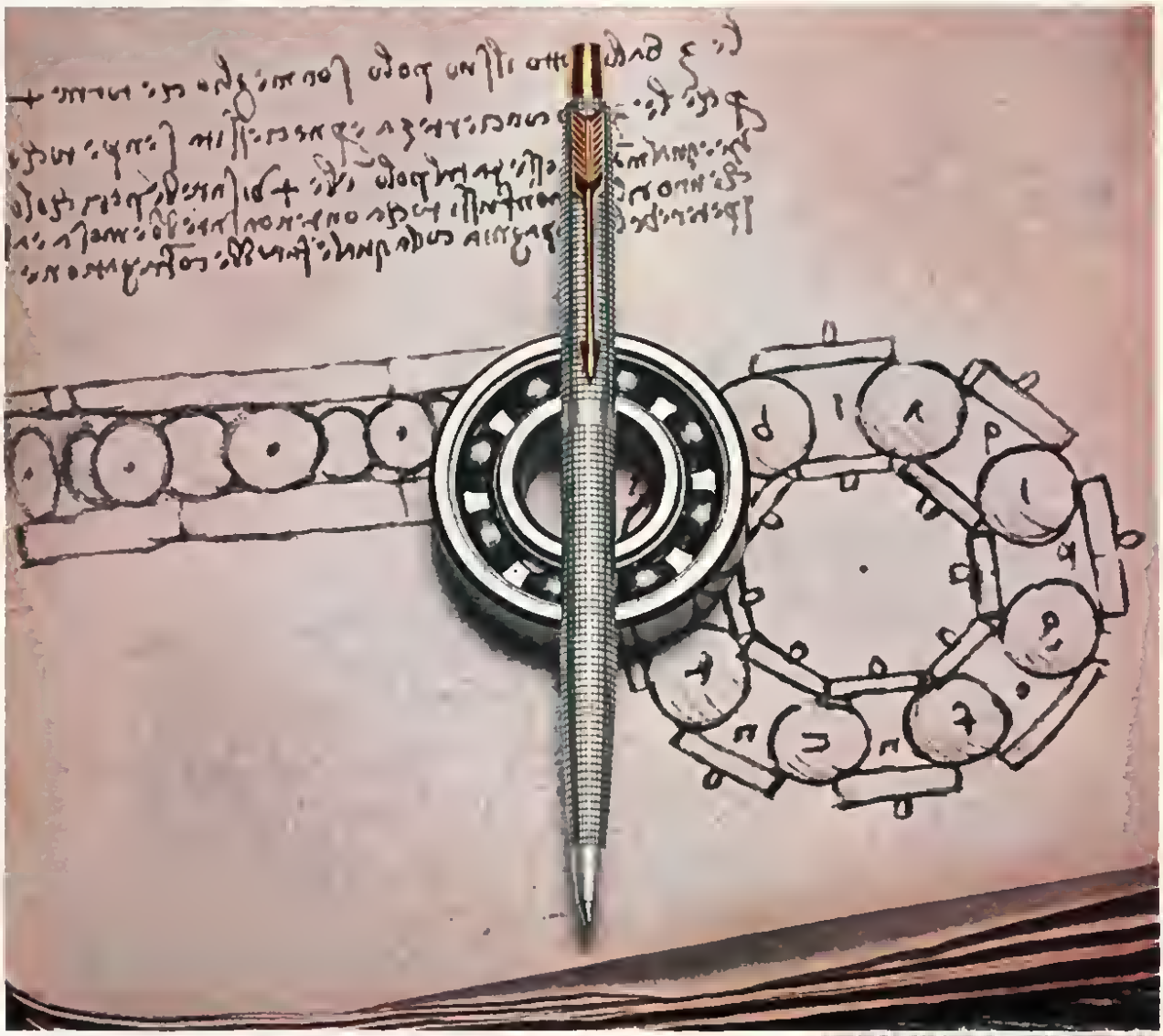
All the while he has remained, as Reggie Smith puts it, "a guy who wakes up every morning of his life with something funny to say," though it does not always come easily. The thrill of becoming a 20-game winner, Luie once told teammate Tommy Harper in a rare moment of solemnity, was blunted by the fact that he could not share it with his parents. "It's tough, especially at Christmastime," he says. "It used to be the whole family together. Big dinner, dancing, drink the grape and everybody wish to you love. But everything we do in this life is problems, so what you going to worry?"

Having awakened to another day, he descends to the hotel coffee shop, where he studies Reggie Smith's yellow jump suit and says, "You look like airplane mechanic." He orders corned-beef hash with instructions to the waitress that she "tell the cooking man to give me enough for a grown man, not for a midget."

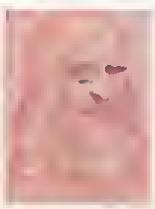
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# PARKER 75

Codex Madrid I, a recently discovered collection of drawings by Leonardo, is to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company. The drawings below are adapted from that work.



## Leonardo daVinci invented the ball bearing. Parker makes it the beautiful way to write.



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"Well,
that's life."

When the irritants of baseball parade before Luie's rose colored view they have a way of becoming benign. For example, to hear him talk, Fenway's Green Monster left-field fence, recorded as lying 315 feet distant in the corner but actually only 302 feet away, traumatizing Red Sox pitchers for generations, is a joy and comfort. "Green Monster make you a better pitcher," he chirps. "It make you bear down all the time. You have to use your head and whatever else you got. Others look at fence and bitch, but you can get beat in any park and you can win anywhere." Almost incredibly, Luie won 10 straight at Fenway last season.

While many players plough testily through knots of autograph seekers and grouch about airplane schedules, general managers and dirty socks, not Luie. Trainer LeRoux testifies that Tiant has never departed his whirlpool or rubdown table without piping, "Thank you!" Gabe Paul, who bought Luie from Mexico City, says, "Buying him a suit of clothes or just a box of cigars meant more to him than it would have meant to most guys. He appreciated the little niceties." So he did. "I hear a lotta players talking bad about *Gabe* paul," says Luie, "but I no can say anything bad about *Gabe*paul or I am a liar."

Because it is evident to anyone who has spent 10 minutes in his presence that Luie, at whatever age he may be, continues to find baseball the ultimate enjoyment, even opposing ballplayers seem to relish it when he launches into the sort of commentary that has established him as one of the most voluble of agitators. He requires only so much as a lower lip—in particular, Outfielder Tommy Harper's thick lower lip—to conceive a running attack that can go on for years. As a teammate of Harper's at Cleveland in 1968, Luie dubbed him Liver Lips. Later, when they became opponents, Luie greeted Harper's appearance at the plate by popping up in the dugout wearing a Donald Duck mask.

Reunited with Harper in Boston, Luie clapped his hands with joy when Carl Yastrzemski brought to the clubhouse an outsized bass he had caught on a fishing trip. Luie propped open the fish's mouth with two tongue depressors and placed the fish on its back in front of Harper's locker. He dressed the fish in Harper's cap and, from the body down, stretched out Harper's uniform, trousers up. If such elaborate preparations sound like a lot of trouble to go to for a laugh, Luie nevertheless found them worth the effort when Harper arrived at the clubhouse, victimized again by the Cantinflas of Boston.

"Nobody is shut out from his antics," says Eddie Kasko. While Tommy Harper is Liver Lips, big-nosed infielder Rico Petrocelli is Pinocchio, pale complexioned Ken Tatum is No Color, Luie Aparicio is Midget, erect Carlton Fisk is Frankenstein and Yastrzemski is Polacko. This may strike the outsider as crude fun, granted, but it must be viewed in the context of ball-field humor, which traditionally has not been exactly Noel Coward. A home run evokes from Tiant a blood-curdling scream that travels up from the dugout and hangs in the air till the ball has disappeared over the fence. "Move your black tail!" he screeches at black opponents, who chuckle. And when he beholds pesty little hitters who eschew the big swing—Roy White and Horace Clarke of the Yankees, for example—he scoffs, "Japanese hitter!"

In only one known instance has Luie's needling provoked its target to real anger, that being last season when he and Reggie Smith—the same Reggie who says Luie awakens every morning with hilarity on his lips—briefly exchanged punches. A Red Sox official explains that Reggie that morning awakened "in one of his recluse moods."

If Tiant's behavior and cheerful view of baseball life appear to be the products of a simple Cuban mind, one must disabuse himself of that notion, for according to reliable testimony he is one of the craftiest of professionals, all business when pitching. "He's like a surgeon," says Fisk, the catcher whose bat carried the Red Sox through the first half of last season until Luie's pitching took over. "He slices a batter apart. The keys to hitting are timing, rhythm and concentration, and Luie has a unique way of breaking hitters down and cutting them apart. He'll take a lot of time or maybe very little time at all. Dick Allen likes to get in there and hit, to get on with his business. But Luie will just stand out there, and stand, and stand, for what seems forever, and Allen will be waiting at the plate muttering, 'That guy is putting me to sleep.' Luie probably has as much knowledge of hit-

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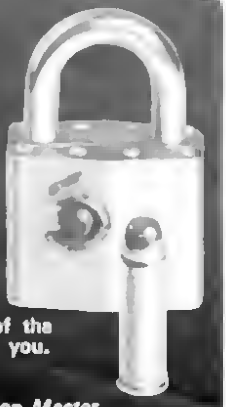




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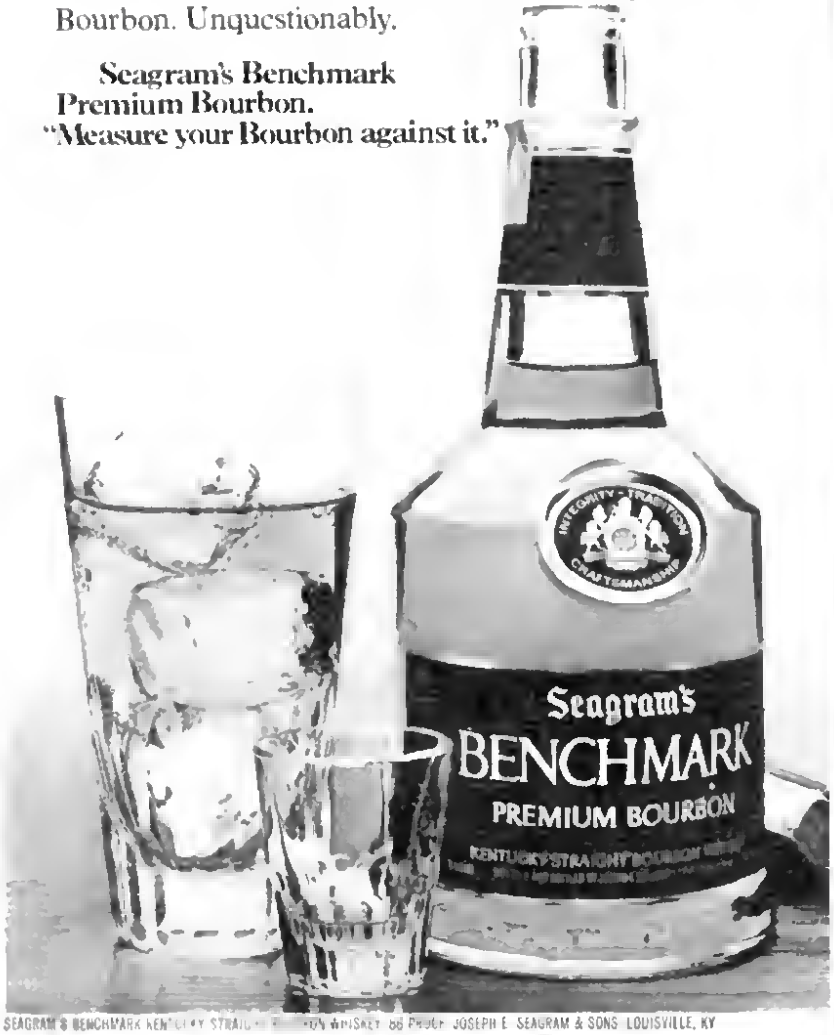
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ters as any pitcher in the American League."

Tiant's vast repertoire of pitching motions (which he sometimes dispenses with for several games at a stretch in the interest of sustaining mystery) causes hitters to thrust themselves into a state of concentration so intense, Fisk says, that it is visible to the catcher's eye. "Their arms tremble," he says. Ron Blomberg of the Yankees is known for hitting Tiant successfully, and he explains that he has been able to follow the ball by forcing himself to blot out Luie's gyrations from his vision (although Blomberg is unable to explain precisely how he accomplishes *that*).

Years ago, when Luie pitched for Cleveland, big George Scott—then with the Red Sox—time and again murdered his bread-and-butter pitch, the fastball. Subsequently, Larry Claflin found himself one winter's day in Tiant's Caracas apartment—at the time he was playing in the Venezuelan winter league. Luie, at ease in an overstuffed chair, his cigar pointed jauntily upward from the corner of his mouth, said to Claflin through a cloud of smoke, "You write when you get home, no more fastball for Señor Scott." Never since has Scott hit Luie with any real authority. In fact, so slyly does Luie work, whether throwing fastballs or offspeed pitches, that in one game he stepped off the mound to look at a runner on second and in the very act of doing so fired a strike past Scott, who, pop-eyed, cried out, "What the hell's going on?" Umpire Nestor Chylak, after several moments of reflection, charged Luie with a balk for deceiving the hitter.

"Listen," says Red Sox Publicist Bill Crowley, "there's a lot more smarts in Luie's head than he lets on." Crowley knows. Last winter he telephoned Luie in Caracas to fly north for the Boston Baseball Writers' annual dinner. The ball club, Crowley told him, would reimburse him for travel, meals and the rental of a tuxedo. Later, Crowley let out a cry of anguish when Luie presented him with a bill for the *purchase* of a tuxedo.

"I told you to rent!" yelled Crowley.

Luie shrugged. "Tried to," he said, "but I have funny build."

Now that Luie once again is important enough to push such expenses through the front office, naturally one wonders why in the world the Indians, Twins and Atlanta Braves, in that or-

continued

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der, allowed so rare a talent to slip from their grasp. No easy answers exist, certainly not in Cleveland.

That the Indians, having seen him come into the majors with a year in which he won 15 games at Triple A Portland and another 10 at Cleveland for a 25-5 season record, should unload him just five years later, after only his first losing season, remains confounding. Luie's taste for rich Spanish food caused him in 1969 to become heavy in the chest, restricting his delivery, but still, ballplayers say he lost 20 games mainly because of the Indians' feather-duster hitting. Gossip had it that Luie's departure stemmed from Manager Alvin Dark's well-publicized (though strongly denied) skepticism of Latins. One poor season, Dark's critics said, provided him with the rationale for a trade.

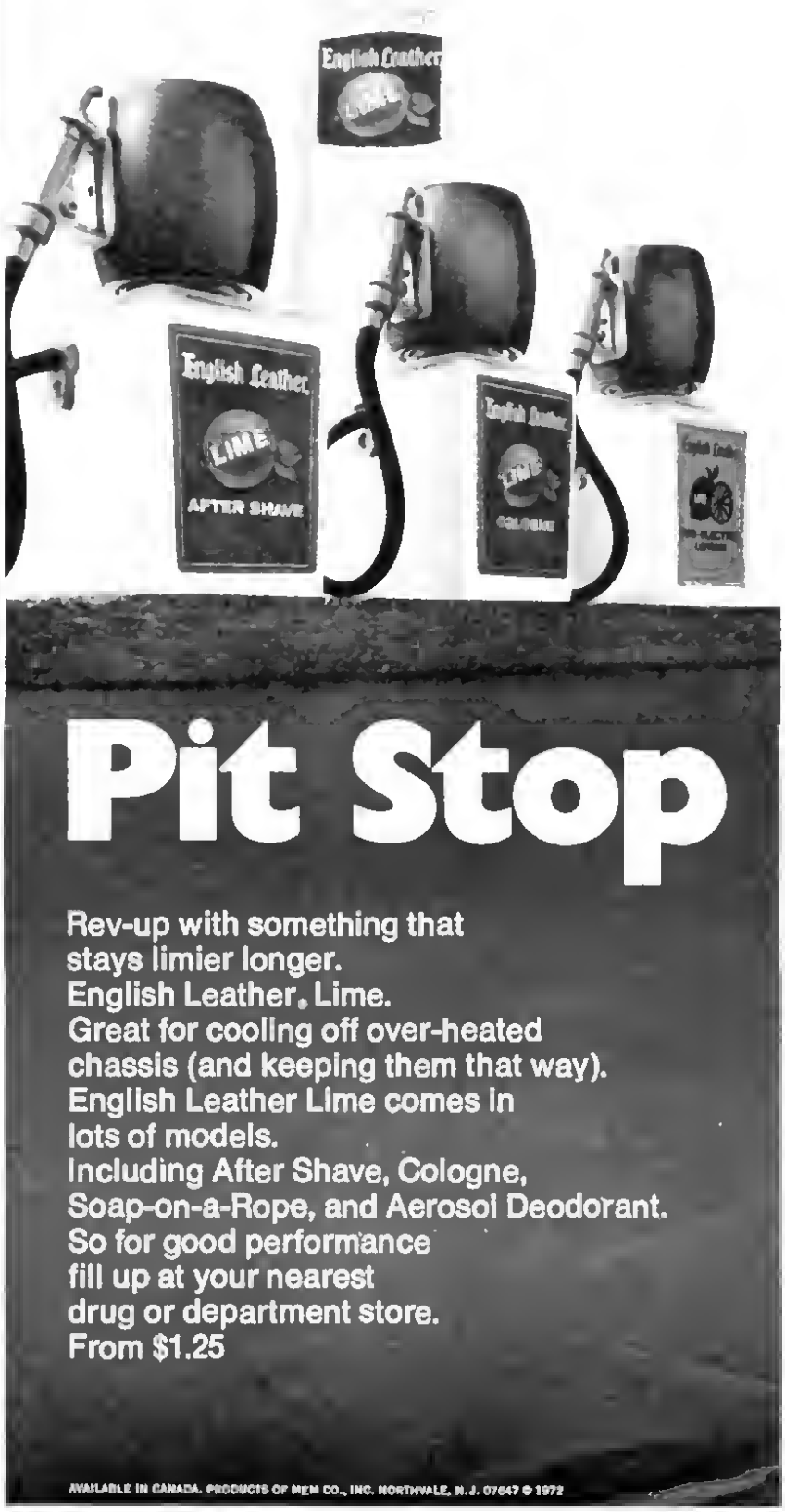
As for Luie's failure to last more than a year at Minnesota, the reasons are equally murky. Early in the 1970 season he won six straight games. "He was lucky," says a Minnesota front-office man. "He should have been 3 and 3." Twins management says Luie's fastball lacked its previous starch. They suspected him of having a sore arm or a back injury that he would not admit to, and of being older than he claimed. With uncharacteristic chagrin, Luie remembers the season otherwise.

"Bill Rigney, the manager, take away my confidence," he insists. "Rigney say, 'You should not throw this, you should not throw that.' Rigney's pitching coach say, 'You not want to throw overhand.' I say, 'No way I change,' and he say, 'You have to change.'"

In any event, while in the process of winning his sixth consecutive game for the Twins, Hunt fired a fastball with such force that his shoulder blade broke. The hairline fracture put him on the disabled list for two months, and by the time spring-training camps were ready to disband the following March, the Twins bade Luie good luck and gave him his release. Casting around, he accepted an arrangement with Atlanta whereby if he pitched for their Richmond farm club for a month or so and proved he still possessed a big-league arm, the Braves would bring him up. As it turned out, he proved himself not to the Braves, who released him, but to the Red Sox, who had been watching. They snatched him.

Their reasoning, as told by Eddie Kas-

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ko, was the essence of simplicity. Why wouldn't a onetime star be a good risk under a short-term contract to a club not exactly spilling over with pitching talent? "At Minnesota," says Kasko, "he'd had physical problems but not arm trouble. A fractured shoulder blade is not arm trouble. The guy who tears a muscle has troubles, but a fracture heals. Darrell Johnson, our manager at Louisville, told us, 'The guy is not sharp but he's sound.' So we said, 'Well, hell! A 20-game winner, sign him!' "

Easing Luie along at Louisville for less than a month and then polishing him in the Boston bullpen, the Red Sox kept him on a rigid year-round conditioning program that he followed to the letter, lavishing thank-yous upon Buddy LeRoux. Gradually Kasko saw Luie's sharpness return. Then, when starter Ray Culp had to undergo surgery last August, Kasko reached out and fetched his restored Cuban arm from the bullpen.

Fenway crowds are not let's-go-Red Sox crowds. Rather, they worship the cult of personality. Not since huge Dick Radatz stood on the mound gesturing with his massive arms had Red Sox fans had so flamboyant a pitcher they could embrace. On the night of Sept. 20, against the Baltimore Orioles at Fenway, when Tiant entered the ninth inning of his sixth shutout, passions erupted with an intensity no Fenway oldtimer could recall. As Luie took the mound, leading 4-0, nearly 29,000 fans arose as one to deliver a pitch-by-pitch ovation to the very end.

"The Baltimore hitters were completely under his control," Reggie Smith remembers. "It was like he was pushing buttons or as though he had some kind of magnet that held their bats back. He'd go to 3 and 0 on a hitter, then strike him out. With 3 and 2 he was throwing sliders and curves. It was unbelievable."

Ponderous Boog Powell thrashed futilely at a third strike. Terry Crowley popped to the shortstop. Then Brooks Robinson walked but Don Buford, providing a suitably dramatic finish, went down swinging. The roar of acclaim that had begun with Luie's first pitch of the inning hung in the air like the smoke from a thousand saluting cannons. "I never seen nothing like that in baseball," Luie said not long ago, and for once, deeply touched, he was at a loss for words to elaborate. END


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# IT'S FULL SPEED





*Built to cruise Canadian lakes, the mahogany "commuter" above cost $12,000 new in 1917, $12,000 to restore "Fawn" (right) is an 1887-vintage 19-footer designed to run on naphtha.*



# ASTERN

*Landlubbing collectors of Duesies and Bugattis have their counterparts in boatmen who cherish the grace and character of a spit-and-polish age*

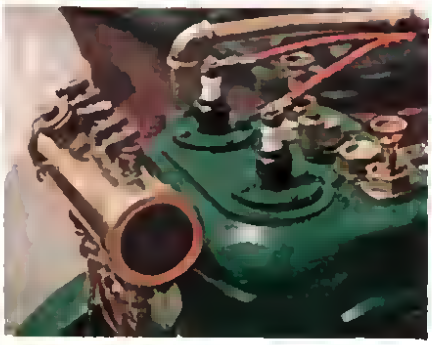


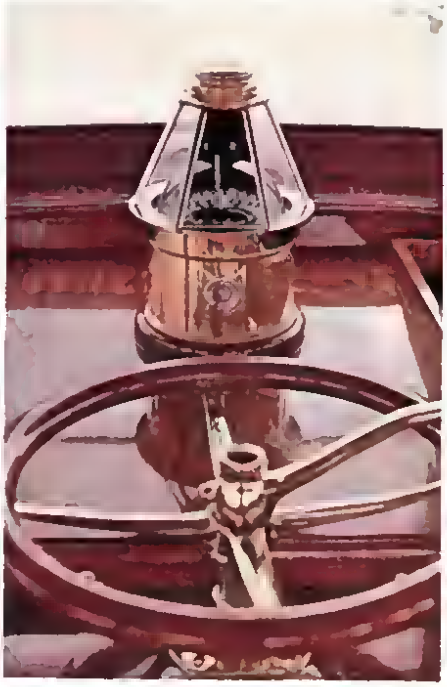


*Seattle-based now, the 88-foot "Bonanza" was Boston-built in 1910. The 42-foot speedster below, "Suwanee," was launched in 1909 and is a 20-knot swath*













# BOOM IN MAHOGANY AND BRASS

Sometimes it seems that modern boats hate the water. They slam into waves, plunge into troughs, leap from crest to crest and throw spray sky high. Their glass and metal hulls boom and ping in response to the sea's punches. After a run the hardest work to be done is cleaning the mooring lines. Out of date are boats that were kin to the water. Instead of punishing the waves they slit them with grace and subtlety. Their hulls were planked of mahogany and covered with coat after glistening coat of varnish. Fittings were of burnished brass, and it took a paid hand rising with the dew and bedding with the sun to keep everything shiny.

Those good old days are not altogether gone. To preserve what remains of a time when boating meant "yachting," a few hundred diehards around the country have poured love and care and time, to say nothing of lashings of money, into hulls that are overdue at the boneyard.

One such that still has many siblings is *Kuskuuook*, the Canadian commuter shown on the preceding spread of pictures. Squadrons of these 32-footers dashed between the islands on Lake Muskoka in the days when the Mellons summered there with the Pittsburgh rich. The Mellons are gone from the lake, but today 30 to 40 of the launches they knew so well are still in condition to crisscross it.

When Paul Snyder of Los Angeles discovered *Kuskuuook* she looked as rotten as her bottom planking felt after years of neglect. Snyder found her in a boathouse where she had lain for a decade. She had been clumsily refurbished. The damage was not so severe, however, that Duke's boatyard in Port Carling, Ont. could not smooth things out.

By the time her bottom had been replanked, the ripples ironed out of her topside planking, numerous coats of varnish laid and hand-rubbed and her fittings refinished, *Kuskuuook* was just about as good as new and Paul Snyder as happy as if he owned, say, a Chinese scroll from the 10th century.

But Snyder glums up at mention of the 1969 Chrysler iron *Kuskuuook* conceals beneath the engine hatches like a family skeleton. "I'm very embarrassed about it," he says. "I do have a 1921 Series F Scripps, but what I really need for authenticity is a 1915-1917 Series D."

Snyder also fell in love with a boat named *Aleriou III* which the famed Nat Herreshoff designed. Since *Aleriou III* is in a museum and not for sale, Snyder commissioned master craftsman Seth Persson of Saybrook, Conn. to build a replica from the original Herreshoff plans. Though near-perfect in every detail, the new *Aleriou* is but a copy, and as one antique boat owner says, "A replica, no matter how accurate or fine, is like fake jewelry. It does not count."

The taste for owning antique boats is spreading far and fast, limited only by the number of restorable boats available. The antique boat show held last year amid the scenic splendor of the Thousand Islands at Clayton, N.Y. attracted 10,000 spectators, who ogled more than a hundred boats dating from as far back as an 1870 skiff once used by Ulysses S. Grant on trips to visit George Pullman, the sleeping-car grandee, in the Thousand Islands.

The Thousand Islands Museum opened less than a year and a half ago, yet already overflows with antique hulls of all shapes and ages and boasts such nautical memorabilia as a 1904 Motogodille, an eggbeater said to be the oldest outboard engine in America.

Among boats most prized by collectors are any from Elco. Elco means the Electric Launch Company of Bayonne, N.J., which opened shop in 1892 to build boats to carry yachtsmen off to ". . . twinkling harbor lights and trails of silvery moonlight on quiet waters." In an uglier time *PT-109*, which went on to immortality under Lieut. John F. Kennedy, also came off Elco's slips. But day in, day out the company produced some of the stateliest stock powerboats ever built. It always displayed a few for sale in a showroom called Port Elco hard by the old Grand Central Palace in New York.

When it could no longer build boats the old loving way, Elco became the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics and began building submarines at Groton, Conn. In the meantime many Elcos, ranging from small launches to 60-footers that carried fat-cat commuters to and from Wall Street in sumptuous style, went to seed far up creeks and in sheds or simply mouldered at piers. Some became workboats, others were disguised as modern cruisers. All became collectors' items awaiting a finder. A dilapidated Elco worth only a few hundred dollars a few years ago suddenly is worth thousands to an Elco enthusiast.

Elco owners around the country and overseas belong to an owners club called Port Elco founded by William Payson, a Southport, Conn. marketing executive. When Payson unearthed his 38-foot *Abel Hand* four years ago her name read *Angela* and a layer of makeup meant to disguise her 40 years almost hid her classic Elco lines.

But Payson could not resist the boat that Charles Lindbergh is said to have honeymooned aboard, and despite a warning that it could cost $8,000 to $12,000 to give her back her looks, he ordered restoration begun.

Twenty-two thousand man-hours later *Abel Hand* was rechristened to the trumpeting of a brass band and the tinkling of champagne glasses in the hands of 500 well-wishers. By that time Payson had spent nearly $150,000 on the restoration, but he smiled and smiled, and smiled some more.

HUGH D. WHALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEINARDT

*Turn-of-the-century craftsmanship shines in "Bonanza's" saloon, at left. Above, wheels and binnacles, power and planking of a past age gleam with the luster of restoration.*

# OF ARMS AND MEN THEY SING

**On the bleak horizon stood men with guns, figures who felt a poetry in their weapons and who had come to test themselves. It was a killing course. Before they left, one man would be shot** ***by MARK KRAM***

Far from the roads that cut through it, the desert that blows up against Las Vegas is a rich sea of flotsam, a crap table stick split in half, an eyeless stuffed animal staring up from behind some sagebrush, an old, old picture of a family posing in some faraway living room of a bygone time. And always there are the wooden leaning signs, scattered records—a name, a date, a passing word—of those few who wandered through this void of big sky, shadowed sand and brooding mountain.

Then as you head back, the winter light fast burning down, the distant town of Las Vegas ready to electrocute the skyline, who can comprehend this scene come on abruptly: an inventor named Richard Davis, circled by about 30 cops, is meticulously preparing to shoot himself in the belly with a .357 armor piercing. "You're liable to find anything out in that desert," an old sojourner had said back in town.

The cops are here because they are in pursuit of sport, something called the 1st International Police Combat Shoot, which is not very international (there are some participants from Canada) and hardly national. The National Ri-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID NOYES

fle Association of America is here, too, but only as an observer; this octopus of national influence is concerned about words, and combat and shoot on the same bill—are two of them. As for Davis, he is out here peddling an item called Second Chance, a nylon unit designed to stop anything short of a howitzer.

It is hard to grasp any perspective of this event, which confounds, yet oddly excites. It excites because it seems so madcap, so gloriously brainless in the middle of all this empty majesty. It confounds because, well, what should an event like this *be*—admittedly a question that would come from the effete and squalid East, but does anyone ever watch gun competition anymore and, if so, what does he see, what does he feel?

There was a time back in 1874 when there was great passion for target shooting. America competed against Ireland on Long Island. The match drew a crowd of 8,000, and the event itself, the interest it generated, became something of a cornerstone in the development of the NRA; the sport has never again been so clearly in view, and no one knows to this day what possessed those 8,000. For it is one thing to shoot a gun, but to watch weapons being shot in competition seems to defy reason.

The act of shooting at a target could be the subject for a metaphysical paper by some terribly desperate graduate student. The literature is scant; the sport has produced only one noted historian-apostle, a man named Captain Charles Askins Jr. Target shooters, especially those with the pistol, are "fanatically attached to their chosen sport, and God bless 'em for it," wrote Askins. He regretted that the gunners "who never sling lead at a paper target, but confine all their handgunning to game, do not once in a while try for a score . . . a sweet 50-yard score, or burning up the targets with a whiz of a rapid-fire total."

None of the good captain's emotion, or even enthusiasm, is visible here in the desert, only the hard elements of competition: rules and *scores*. The rules are precise, and no deviations, please, like someone showing up wearing a baseball cap or a too-tight undershirt. It's all business here: uniforms, duty weapons, duty ammunition. The shoot consists of three courses of fire, a daylight course, a close-range segment and one for a combination of shotgun and pistol. The total possible score for all three is 450 points, the grand hawkeye will receive a trip to Bermuda.

The combination course is now being fired, 15 rounds with the shotgun, 15 with the pistol. The specifics: range 15 yards, five targets per firing point; start with pistol holstered and safe, shotgun on safe and butt away from the shoulder. On signal the shooter fires once at each target with the shotgun, drops it, muzzle down range, on the mattress-covered table, draws his pistol and fires once at each target; time allowance is 10 seconds, shots after the bell lose five points. Repeat twice, for 30 rounds total. The only spectators, one notes, are relatives.

Overseeing the action is the shoot director, Jeff Cooper, who surveys the cramped range from high up in a tower. He is wearing a black leather cap with scrambled eggs on its peak (the kind seen on the hats of high naval officers), a black shirt and thin black tie, a black leather jacket with a collar of black fur. He stands properly tall up there on his perch, occasionally tugging at the big pistol at his side, or suddenly producing a glinting monocle to examine a piece of paper.

Now and then Cooper shouts down, and the sound of his voice is impatient. It does not appear that he is too pleased with what is going on below him. The event has not been quite what he had envisioned. He had thought there would be a bit more "bunting, more glamour." But instead here are all these cops—none of them from Russia or Japan or Thailand or Germany, the way it should be—pulling out shotguns and pistols on these tight firing lines, and the only thing that is being accomplished is that nobody is killing anybody, the NRA official is pleased.

Not too much has fallen into place for Cooper, a precisionist. At the last minute the sponsor for his ammunition had given him the wrong kind. The judging has been erratic. He has had to make several decisions on cheating. There also are many complaints about the design of the course, especially about its safety conditions. "I can get killed back in my hometown," says one police officer. "Why come all the way out here?" He is not far off, for this seems to be a jamboree of sorts, a shootup in the desert with big Jeff Cooper up there in his tower, immaculate and stiff against the high winds, trying to orchestrate order from disorder.

The inventor Davis, who has been hanging out with the police during the week, knows that this is the last day of the competition. He is quite anxious to *show* these people what his jacket can do. So far, words have failed him in his attempt to convince the cops that he wants to save their lives (for $49.50 apiece, or a bargain $45 for thinner men) with his concealable jacket. But even if he does not sell any jackets he will have enjoyed himself. He says he is a gun freak.

Nothing visual about Davis hints of his passion for guns. He is not like Cooper, who looks as if he belongs in a saddle, crusted with buckskin and with a rifle crooked in his arm. Davis looks more like a pinball-machine repairman; he is singularly unevident. Back at the Stardust Hotel, where everyone is staying, he seems spellbound by the roar of the slot machines, quite taken by the social invention that is Las Vegas, and his innocence amuses the police, who don't know what to make of him.

Out on the range he is much more comfortable. He clearly loves to feel a gun, any kind of gun. He likes to hear guns, likes to listen to people talk about them, and often he and others will stand and just look at a gun in someone's hand, while they probe its nomenclature and discuss its sinister esoterica. Then, sometimes, they will swap stories of minute detail about times when they had to use their guns, and there will be Davis, his eyes alight behind his thick glasses, just waiting for his turn to tell his tale.

The genesis of Davis' jacket—as well as Davis the inventor—was late one evening in a Detroit pizza shop, which was owned by Davis. He had toiled stub-

*continued*

hornly, with flour all over him and the smell of tomato sauce forever confusing his scent, to produce pizza of high quality. And then one day, while he was out, a man telephoned and ordered two large ham-and-sausage. When they were delivered by his fiancee she was held up by three men. It was an affront, a liberty, that would not leave his mind.

Many months later, while Davis was working, a man called in again and ordered two ham-and-sausage. A click went off in his head: ham-and-sausage. He prepared the order and then drove to make the delivery taking a gun with him, which he cocked beneath the carton. When he reached the address he found he was right to be concerned. A gun was pointed at him and he was asked for his money. He shot from underneath the pizzas, dropping one man, and the other two men ran into the alley with Davis after them.

After the shootout Davis and the three men—and two pizzas—were spread over the alley. As Davis convalesced, his uninsured pizza shop burned down, and he left the hospital convinced that his career as a pizza maker was at an end. "People thought I committed arson," he says, "until they found I didn't have any insurance. But I loved making pizzas. I was an artist. Ask the bandits. Out of all the shops they knocked over, my pizzas were the only ones they ate."

The police just look at him as he relates the incident, he is different, strange. They don't know what their reaction should be to his story, they can't correlate, can't understand a man who made pizzas becoming an inventor who is soon going to shoot himself just to prove his point. So they go back to looking at their guns and talking about them, and every so often one of them looks up at Davis, quickly and oddly, because you never know about people like this, what a fellow like this will do next.

Cooper walks by, stops, adjusts his monocle and looks at some scores handed to him. He says he is hopeful for the future of this kind of pistol event. "It has not been a complete disaster out here," he says. "I'd say we got up in the air 120 feet, and then cracked up when we landed. But we did get off the ground." The important thing, Cooper says, is that a large number of police are being introduced to the kind of defensive weaponry, the kind of pistol course, that they "ought to have been using for the last 20 years." The reason they have not, he says, is because of the lack of vision of police departments, the artificial strictures of what passes for pistol craft and competition on ranges. The standard PPC (Practical Pistol Course) is "not only garbage, it's impractical." He ponders that remark for a moment, then adds: "There's a war on out there, fella."

Cooper's kind of pistol course is deadly practical, relying on speed, power and accuracy at close range. It is a killing course. "Now," says Cooper, "there are those who bitterly resent this idea. Take up there in the Northeast. That's a different world. Even the idea of defending oneself is losing ground there. When I talk about this kind of shooting, my kind of practical shooting, people look at me and seem to say: 'Do you mean to say you are shooting at what represents a man, are you suggesting you intend to use this pistol to kill people?' Yes. I am. I am."

The eyes drift to the shooter on his hip, the mind toys with its presence as if it were much more than an object, tries to understand why it fascinates—in one way or another—more than half the people in the country. Pick up a gun, move it in your hand, look at its plum-blue metal, smell its oiled wood, weigh it up and down in your hand, what is it about a gun? Why is it so much a part of the idiom of our speech: "Raise your sights, big shot, half-cocked, straight shooter," and so on. Think of the legends that belong to the gun. Annie Oakley, Wyatt Earp and Sergeant York. Why do we give this instrument such personal names: Brown Bess, Long Tom, Old Betsy.

"The weapon is the instrument of power, and power is what makes a man a man," says Cooper. "A man who doesn't have a weapon—and not necessarily a gun, I mean a spear, a bow, a sword—is an object of food . . . for a cat."

It becomes clear that Cooper is no fool, for all his swagger, his black comic shadow cast over this event. He has been a tenacious student of man and his gun. He is an old hand at debate. He is grounded in the writings of Anthropologist Raymond Dart and Zoologist Konrad Lorenz, both of whom he will quote liberally when discussing man as predator. There is nothing ambiguous

*continued*



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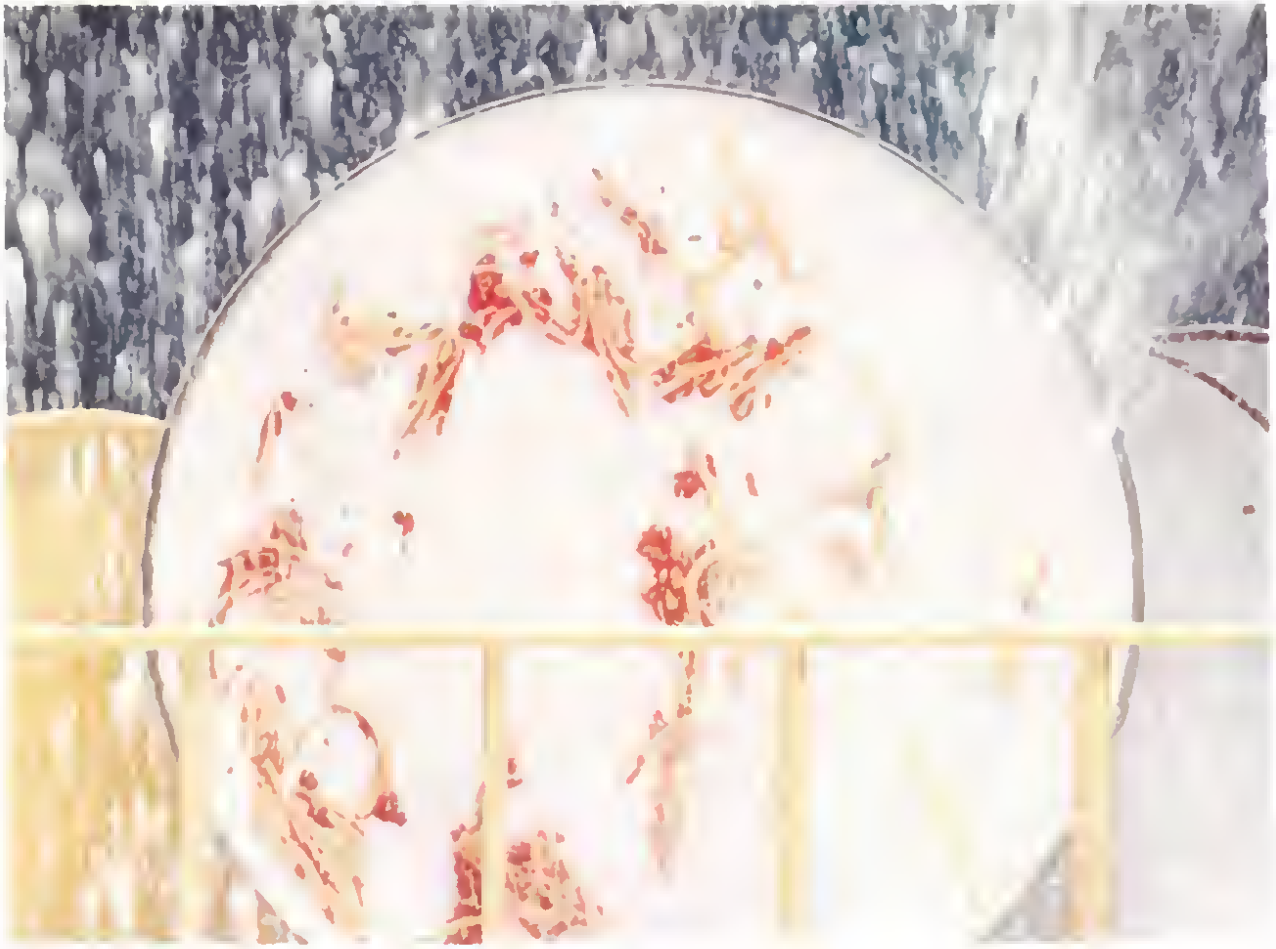
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Sears



The Freedom Maker

about him or his opinions; he goes right to the jugular. "The French," he says, "are effete. The French do not impress me. I don't know of a great French fighter pilot. I don't know of a French Patton." The comment is made in answer to why the French mostly ignore guns. He is much more expressive when it comes to "hoplophobes."

A hoplophobe, according to Cooper, is one who suffers from hoplophobia, which he defines as unreasoning, obsessive and neurotic fear of weapons as such, usually accompanied by an irrational feeling that weapons possess a will or consciousness for evil, apart from the will of their user. Cooper will tolerate amateur hoplophobes, but he has no patience with the legislative strain. "I shoot," he says. "Shooting is my hobby, my principal recreation—my lifestyle. My guns are as much a part of me as my arms and legs. To disarm me would be to put me in a wheelchair. You may think this freakish, but there are a couple of million 'freaks' like me in this country. You just don't like guns. Very well, I don't like you."

Cooper does not blanch at "moral and personal" violence, and he has done much research on gentlemen killers, deadly Americans like Jim Bowie, Wild Bill Hickok and Davy Crockett. Their counterparts, he says a bit proudly, are not likely to be found outside of American history. "The arresting thing about the American killer-hero," he says, "is an intense individualism, asocial rather than antisocial, and yet not criminal. They looked at personal violence as a natural hazard of life. The tradition of personal violence is fading out, as the memory of the frontier fades and the individualist becomes an anachronism. Most will not be sorry to see it go, but there are those who prefer personal violence if it is the price which must be paid for individual liberty."

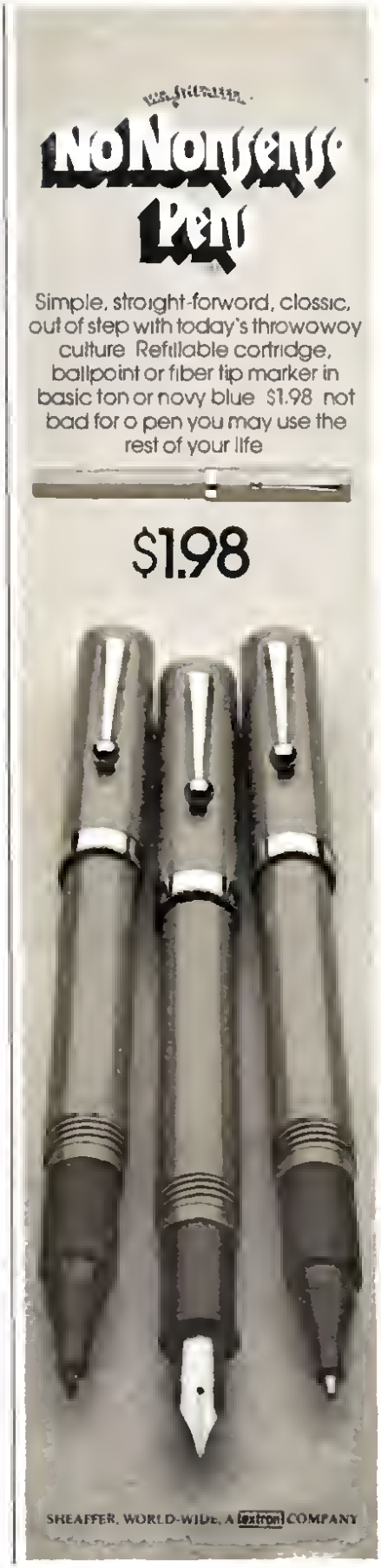
The fighting bull, says Cooper, is more satisfying than the domestic ox, the falcon more noble than the chicken. "The residual prickliness of the Western American," he says, "may not be a bad thing, nor something we need apologize for. The warning that he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword may have frightened its authors, but it would hardly deter a Viking, and neither does it dismay the inheritor of the tradition of the American frontier." Cooper, though, is more of a trustee than an heir. Only there isn't any frontier, and its once hard and seamed values that demanded that men be men, well, these are far too blurred and in grave disrepute for his taste.

Give him a time machine, and old Coop would gladly return to what he refers to as "the Arcadian Period" of California, roughly between 1822 and 1849, when men lived on thousands of acres, raised enormous herds of cattle, lived for those cattle and their large families and liked to celebrate lavishly on a whim. The area was alive with game then, and there was a lovely mild climate and you could get on your horse any morning and head off in any direction and there would be game to hunt and, he adds, "the quail calling and the deer bounding away, and that would be good." Being a patriarch, or the son-in-law of one, would have suited him. He does not mind being called a Frontier Aristocrat—even in 1973.

But there is no trip back through time, at least not the kind he would approve of, and so here is Big Jeff adrift in the present, far from his rural California home, where he likes to whip up a good venison stew now and then at what he calls one of his wingdings, where most evenings he likes to listen to Beethoven and read about how it all once was. Here he is out on this cold, godforsaken desert trying to get through to these big cops who would look blankly at him if he hit them with one of his treatises on the pistol, out here trying to show them, through *sport*, how they should perform if some hophead or anarchist ever makes a move at them. Here he is with some nut over there, a reformed pizza twirler who has turned mad inventor and is now going to shoot himself with a .357 armor piercing.

Well, these are bad times, Jeff, sour times for an elitist, an esthete, a gentleman-adventurer who would be Cortes; collectivism, the decline of excellence and manners is everywhere. Now look at inventor Davis over there. His manners may be a little scruffy, but he's not short on grit, is he? Good old American initiative, that's what Davis is about. He's not in the same league with the great snub-nosed Henry Deringer, or peacemaker Samuel Colt, who gave us a couple of cute toys long ago, but there could be a future for Davis and his invention. He developed it by himself while holed up for months in his basement, underwrote the

*continued*



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The soft smoke from Denmark.




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whole project by himself. At the start he was salesman, publicist and everything else connected with his jacket. The boy's got push, no question about it, and even people who hate guns might one day come to see that his jacket makes a lot of sense.

The desert light turns quickly toward night, now. It is time for Davis to perform, time for him to show what his jacket can do. He moves over to a spot like a conductor moving toward his podium. The cops move near him, but not too close, after all the guy's wearing thick glasses and he could miss himself. Near a target, one of those silhouettes, Davis straps his jacket on and picks up that .357 Magnum of his with its 750 foot-pounds of sock. He says a few words lost in the wind, stands sideways to the target, as if it were the enemy, then turns and—wham! he lets that .357 armor piercing go off right in his gut. It knocks him back some, then he quickly goes into his holster and pulls out his own gun. He fires at the target, jumps up next to it, knocks it to the ground with his arm, steps on it and puts five slugs into its heart. The cops look at each other. It must be a trick, right? Davis removes the jacket, lifts up his T shirt and shows a big red mark from the bullet's impact. "It felt like a hard punch, a bee sting, sort of," he says icily.

The cops just shake their heads and slowly walk away. "Hey," says one, "that nut may have somethin' there." "Look," says his partner, "if it was any good, we would have that thing from the department." By himself now and holding his jacket as if looking for a lifeboat, Davis watches the crowd leave. The wind keens, the desert *is* quiet and empty, and only the riddled silhouettes rock in the wind. And you leave thinking of how surely there never has been a shooting event like this one, feeling that you had somehow stumbled into the surreal madness of a Luis Buñuel movie that severed the senses.

Oh yes, Deputy Sheriff Stanley Barnes of Fresno, Calif. won the trip to Bermuda and the 1st International Police Combat Shoot with a total score of 429 points—not bad but hardly one of old Captain Askins' "sweet scores."

At the awards ceremony Jeff Cooper, adjusting his monocle, opened with: "I'm sorry, fellas, but Jane Fonda couldn't make it tonight." END

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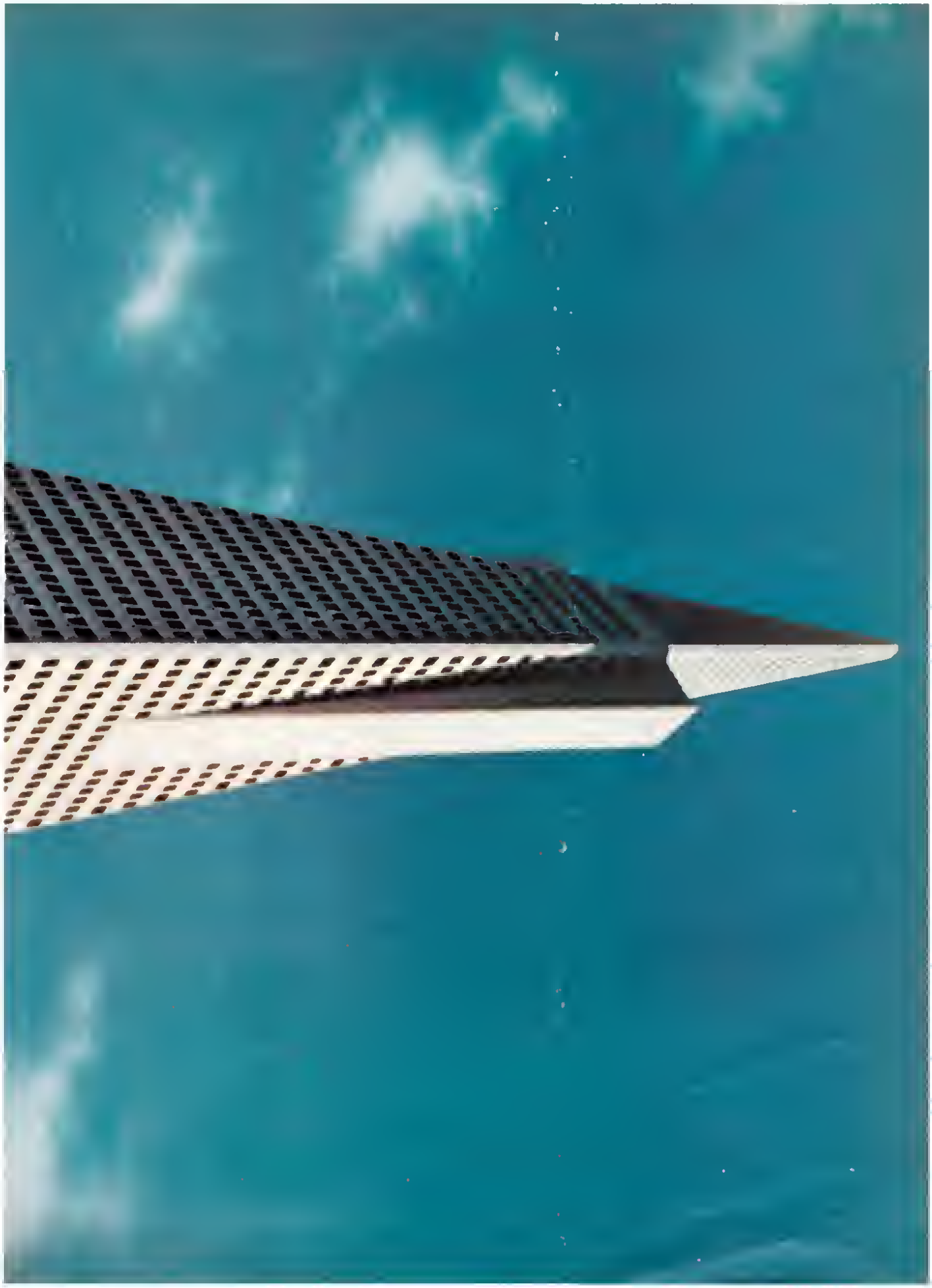
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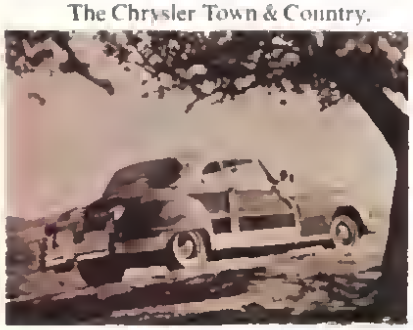




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A new movie called *Horror High* is a veritable showcase for the Dallas Cowboys **Craig Morton, Calvin Hill, Billy Truax** and **D. D. Lewis** play policemen, but the best—really the most grisly—role went to Guard **John Niland**, who plays the part of a sadistic football coach. Niland builds a small, esthetic type into a self-assertive monster and for his trouble is left for dead hanging bloodily upside down from the swinging rings in the gym. "The worst part was when they poured a quart of syrup over me dyed with food coloring," says Niland. "Syrup is for pancakes."

A simply depressing note in London. When **Graeme Levin**, editor of a magazine for indoor-sports enthusiasts, tried to market a cricket card game, he says he was turned down by everyone he approached on the wicket that "cricket is a dying sport."

**Pat Pieper**, official announcer at Wrigley Field, has just begun his 70th season with the Chicago Cubs. Now 87, Pieper started announcing with a megaphone when the Cub double-play combination was Tinker to Evers to Chance, and Mordecai (Three Finger) Brown was leading the pitching staff with a 1.86 ERA. Peering back from the gloaming of his career, Pieper notes clearly one significant change that was never made. Wrigley still has no night lights.

◆ In the University of Maine's Distinguished Lecturer Series, there were Vice-President Spiro Agnew, Senator Thomas Eagleton, Senator Strom Thurmond and—yes—Redskins Back **Larry Brown**. Larry was off and running on the lecture circuit after chatty **Bill Russell** had told him it was "a real good scene" out there. At Orono, Maine, in only his fourth talk, Brown drew more of a crowd than Thurmond





◆

and got more requests for autographs than any of the politicians. What did he talk about? Life ("If you can't be a mountain be a river . . .") and football coaches ("Allen trades you for almost anything, even AstroTurf sometimes. If you dropped a ball on Lombardi, you had to run, run, run, never walk"). And, presumably, you never talked.

When NBC-TV announced recently that it will jazz up its sports broadcasts this year by using show-biz personalities as "color analysts," Washington sportscaster and former play-by-play man **Warner Wolf** recalled an experiment of the same kind four years ago. "**Flip Wilson** was our first celebrity analyst. He was joking away while the Senators lost to the Orioles 2–1." Washington tried ex-hallplayers next. "**Moose Skowron** spent his time knocking people he didn't like. I'm looking for another disaster."

Most plastic surgeons, like concert pianists, are too fond of their fingers to risk fracturing them in violent sports. But not **Dr. Ralph Millard Jr.** Once an all-state football center in North Carolina, Millard was also an unbeaten heavyweight boxing champion at Yale. While in residency training in Houston, he took up rodeo. Moved to Miami, he turned to water skiing, first two skis, then one, then one on a slalom course. If you're out on Biscayne Bay water skiing someday, and this tall, handsome sportsman is showing you up with eye-popping new wrinkles in one-ski rope tricks, try ruining his concentration by yelling something like "Deviated septum!"

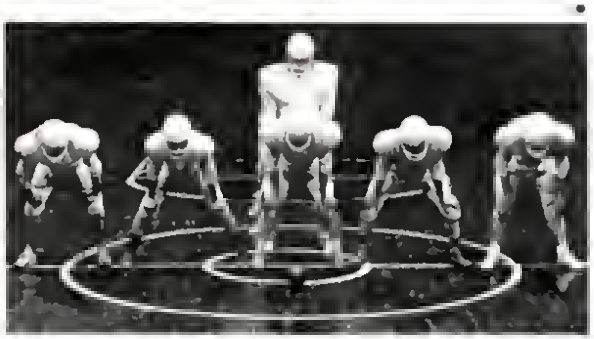
**Cesar Cedeno**, Houston outfielder whose .320 average made him third best in the league last year, travels with cassette tapes to help pass the time on the road. Many ballplayers do this, but the tapes Cedeno listens to are his own recordings sung in his native Spanish, and his favorite song is the theme from *The Godfather*. Says Cedeno: "I love to listen to myself."

Before the sign went up near the training room at Johns Hopkins requiring athletes to wear T shirts and shorts, the boys were jumping into the whirlpool in the altogether, which was only slightly embarrassing for **Kelly Morron**, an 18-year-old freshman who is serving part-time as one of the athletic department's assistant trainers. "I saw a lot of nudity before everyone was aware of the signs," she admitted, blushing slightly. But it wasn't all that hair-raising. "I got used to it. It's no big thing."

The evening after winning the $200,000 Tournament of Champions at La Costa, Calif., **Jack Nicklaus** went off to local courts for two sets of tennis. "I needed to get in a little exercise," he said.

• The players line up in a space half the size of a football field, they get their signals musically from an outerspace voice, a wind machine hurls a gale on them and 300 pounds of ice stacked in a corner is a chilling reminder of heroic battles in late fall. It is all very symbolic, the non-verbal work of **Jack Thibeau**, a poet and now playwright who back in the '50s was on a Mendel Catholic High team that won the city championship before 80,000 people in Chicago's Soldier Field. Thibeau did not play—too small for that, he was the squad manager—but, he says, he has never lived down his "crazy relationship to the team's spirit." *The Saint and the Football Players*, performed by the Mabou Mines play troupe, was presented at New York University, and for anybody who asked what it all meant, Thibeau had a ready answer. "The mere sight of football uniforms re-creates a whole level of consciousness."

•





MILT MAY CATCHES ON TO THE NEW JOB

# Yes, they do love May in May

There is a new man appearing in the Pirates' regular array of might and main, and his name is Milton May. After two years on the bench, Milt became Pittsburgh's starting catcher this spring when Manny Sanguillen moved into right field to succeed the late Roberto Clemente. Everyone wondered whether the new alignment would work, and especially how it would work defensively.

Well, after three rainy weeks the Pirates are once again scrambling around near the top of the Eastern Division. Willie Stargell and Al Oliver are batting better than .350, Stargell has hit six home runs in the 11 games he has played, and eight of the 15 nonpitchers on the roster are hitting .300 or better. Sanguillen (.345) is playing right field valiantly. Stargell, who had declared that outfield duty was too hard on his problem knees, has acceeded to Manager Bill Virdon's plea that he play left so that the defensively superior Bob Robertson could play first base.

And May, it seems clear, can do. He is hitting .277 and driving in lots of runs—but that goes almost without saying. Of course May can hit. If he couldn't, the Pirates, whose bench groans with good line-drive hitters, would have tied him in a sack and drowned him by now in the river of their choice, the Allegheny, the Monongahela or perhaps the Ohio.

Everything else in life May does right-handed, but he has always batted left. His mother has a picture of him batting that way when he was three years old. He holds his bat cocked high, straight up in the air, to keep himself from dipping his back shoulder and undercutting the ball, and he generates good power.

From the Pirates' point of view, the good news of the spring is the way he fits in behind the plate. "You get used to one catcher, the way he gives signals and everything, and it takes a while to adjust," says All-Star Pitcher Steve Blass. "But Milt is good to work with. He picks up things like what your out pitch is, the one you like to go to in a tough spot. If you've got your head all set, concentrating, thinking slider, you don't want to see a curve or fastball sign flashing at you."

At only 22, May manages to project the image of a deep-dyed, squared-away, resin-in-his-veins old pro. After all, he has thinning hair (his teammates are always telling him to put his hat on, he is too young to be bald) and some 18 years of experience in organized ball already. As a rookie in 1971 he drove in the winning run in the fourth game of the World Series with a pinch-hit single. As a regular on opening day this season he threw out the Pirates' first opposing base runner—no less a one than Cardinal Lou Brock—when the speedy Brock tried to steal second. And he can handle chewing tobacco as well as Coach Bill Mazeroski or Director of Player Acquisition and Development Danny Murtaugh.

When Milt was 10 a minor league ballplayer managed by his father Pinky held a big wad of Red Man under a faucet until all the juice had run out and then gave it to Milt to hold in his cheek.

"I thought I was something," Milt says. Soon he could handle a chaw with the juice in it, and he has been partaking ever since, spitting with ease through the bars of his mask. The other day at Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh he was chewing Happy Jim, because that was the brand the equipment manager had issued him. "But I have a pack of Beech-Nut in my locker for big games," he says. ("Scared money don't win, evil women drink gin and Beech-Nut is the brand to chew," goes the radio commercial.)

Only once has May's habit given him trouble behind the plate. That was in the Florida Instructional League when a foul tip caught him in the Adam's apple and he swallowed his chaw. The blow itself didn't really faze his throat, he says, "but I pretended it did, so I could take some time to get myself together from swallowing my tobacco. It made me a little dizzy."

Pinky May, a chewer himself, played third base for the Phillies between 1939 and 1943, and all during Milt's boyhood—until his retirement last year, in fact—Pinky managed minor league teams. From the age of 4 Milt was his father's aide.

"I was born in Gary, Ind., but that was just because my uncle was a doctor there. I've never been to Gary hardly except to be born. I was raised on a farm outside Laconia, Ind., a town of 100 then. When I was 9 we moved to St. Petersburg, Fla. But at the end of each school year we would move to wherever Dad was managing a team—Dubuque, Iowa; Tampa; Keokuk, Iowa; Selma, Ala.; Burlington, N.C.; Rock Hill, S.C. And I would always be the bat boy and travel with the team. I had my little uniform and stayed in hotels with Dad. He liked having me; otherwise he'd have been rooming alone. I'd stay around Dad and talk baseball. It was hard to get him to talk about whether he was any good, though. 'Pretty good ballplayer,' he'd say, and wouldn't elaborate. Later I met people who said he

continued




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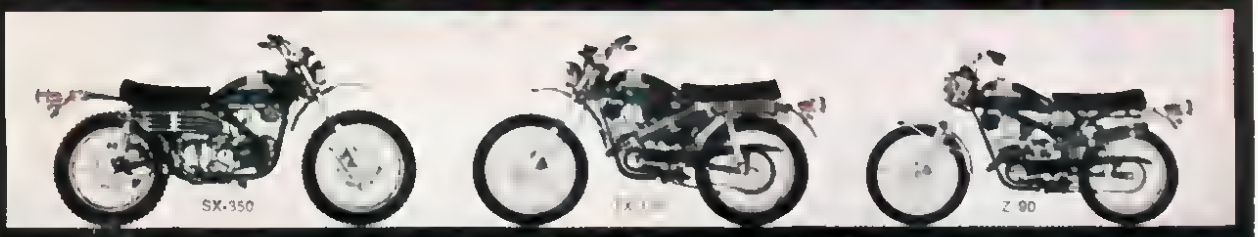
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was *good*. But they said I ran like him. 'You've got your father's speed,' they said. He was sort of known for not having any speed.

"He was built about like me but he was a line-drive hitter, only hit four home runs in the big leagues. He kept emphasizing to me that what they pay for is the long ball."

So Milt learned to hit the long ball against teams managed by his father. "I was playing for Gastonia, N.C. in '69, and Dad was managing Monroe, N.C. in the same league. I had 11 home runs the whole year and 10 of them were against Dad's team. One day I hit one. I had hit a couple against them the day before—so the next time up I expected the pitcher to knock me down on the first pitch. So he does, and I get up. O.K., I'm in good shape now. The next pitch was a foot behind my head! I got up and looked over at Dad and he was laughing. I found out later that he'd told the guy to knock me down twice. At the time I wasn't too happy about it. I was sort of mad. But looking back, it was pretty funny."

It was baseball, anyway, and that is what Milt wanted. "My mom always laughs about it—when I was 4 or 5 we were riding in the car and I said, 'Dad, what do you think I should be when I get too old to play baseball?' "

Pinky, as it happens, is working in a liquor store in St. Pete these days, but Milt hasn't had to face that question yet. And may not have to for a while. How can you keep a really good tobacco-chewing kid who hits with power out of the lineup, especially if he can catch some, too?

## THE WEEK

**by HERMAN WEISKOPF**

**NL WEST** For Houston's Jim York it was the kind of week relievers dream about. Against San Diego he pitched just one-third of an inning and earned a save. He got another with a one-inning workout. Against Montreal he faced only two batters but got a 10-inning 6–5 win. Then he added a third save in a 5–3 victory over the Expos. The Astros won five of seven games for Coach Preston Gomez, filling in while Manager Leo Durocher was hospitalized with an infection of the lower intestine. Making Gomez' task all the easier was Doug Rader, who hit four homers.

"The kids are different now, they all act like they've been around for six or seven years," said Willie McCovey, the San Francisco philosopher. "But don't ask me where they get all that cool." Three of those kids, Chris Speier, Gary Thomasson and Gary Maddox, average age 22, hit a combined .339 last week and had 12 RBIs. And Jim Willoughby, 24, beat the Cardinals 1-0 with the help of a homer by oldtimer Bobby Bonds, 27. It all added up to six straight wins.

There were eight home runs in the week for Atlanta, two of them by Henry Aaron and Darrell Evans to beat Tom Seaver and the Mets 2-0. Aaron's career No. 678 was one of two hits he had in 14 times up last week.

San Diego Catcher Fred Kendall, a .216 hitter, put on glasses and last week hit .368 and raised his season's average to .271. The Padres nevertheless lost twice at Wrigley Field, where their overall record is 4-22.

If silence is golden then there was a fortune hidden in Los Angeles and Cincinnati bats last week. Both teams managed to win twice, despite respective team batting averages of .193 and .182.

**SF (a-5, CIN (12-a, HOUS (13-10, LA (a-11, ATL (7-12, SD (7-14**

**NL EAST** "We're going to stop giving games away," Montreal Manager Gene Mauch pledged early this year. Alas for the slips between exclamations and the execution thereof. Last week the Expos made 14 errors, giving them 29 in 17 games. With the aid of three errors by their imaginative defense, the Expos came from ahead to lose 7-4 to the Reds. They outhit the Astros 13-7 but blew a 5-2 lead as they erred four times, missed signals and had a runner picked off third base. Again against the Astros, the Expos led by three runs before they came through with four clutch bobbles and nailed down another defeat. But they did beat the Mets 2-1 on Tim Foli's 10th-inning single and overcame the Reds 7-2 with the help of a double by Boots Day, one of five pinch hitters used by Mauch in a seven-run ninth.

Eleven errors and the loss of Ted Sizemore, who was hitting .333 until he pulled a hamstring, were the lowlights of a 1-5 week for St. Louis. Clearly, the Cardinals needed help. A lady fan donated 50 lucky pennies and Pitcher Al Santorini put on a lucky sports coat. With all that—and with the shutout pitching of Rick Wise—the Cardinals beat the Dodgers 2-0. It was the second win for Wise—and the second all month for the Cardinals.

Willie Stargell and Bob Robertson each hit two homers as Pittsburgh beat the Cubs 10-4. Then the Pirates lost three in a row and their lead over New York was cut to half a game.

*continued*

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The Mets were propelled by Jim McAndrew's two wins, Tug McGraw's two saves and Rusty Staub's two homers, which helped him shake a 1 for 29 slump and a .169 batting average.

The Cubs lost three times to the Giants. Said Manager Whitey Lockman, "Those aren't schoolgirls we're playing out there." Rick Reuschel became the first Cub pitcher to win two games when he beat the Padres 2-0 with Jack Aker in relief. Ron Santo had three homers and stole the 35th base of his 14-year career.

Philadelphia rooters hit a new low when they booed both Steve Carlton and the Easter Bunny on the same day. Carlton was jeered because he made an errant pickoff throw. Later in the week he beat the Cardinals 4-2 and the Reds 3-1, the last on four scratch singles. As for the Bunny, he will have to wait until next year.

PITT 9-4 NY 11-9 CHI 10-9
PHIL 9-9 MONT 7-10 ST.L 2-15

## AL WEST

The boys of summer came back to Oakland, where Rudy May, Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson were all high school standouts. Playing this time for the California Angels, they beat the A's 4-0, May hurling the shutout, Robinson and Pinson combining for three RBIs. For Robinson there was an extra touch of nostalgia when he faced Baltimore for the first time since they traded him away two years ago. The Orioles decided not to curve him if they ever got two strikes on him. But in the sixth inning he hit a homer off a two-strike hanging curve. The three-run drive led the Angels back from a 5-0 deficit to a 6-5 win sealed by Jim Spencer's bases-loaded hit in the 10th.

Oakland managed just 14 runs in seven games, but won four of them, three by one run.

Kansas City Manager Jack McKeon was in a quandary about who to pitch last Friday in Detroit. Asked if he might use Steve Busby, he replied, "Could be." McKeon's lack of enthusiasm about Busby was understandable, for in 15⅔ innings the rookie had amassed a 7.88 ERA and had given up 26 hits. Busby got the start and threw a no-hitter, the first by KC since the team entered the league 18 years ago. That performance, plus timely hitting by Lou Piniella, kept the Royals in first place.

Chicago won four of five, Wilbur Wood and Stan Bahnsen each winning twice and Carlos May whacking three homers. The White Sox stealthily leaked word that Pat Kelly "has a little muscle strain in his leg." Kelly then showed off his "strained leg" by stroking three doubles, raising his average to .486 and scoring both runs in a 2-1 win.

Last year the Twins' best friends were left-handed pitchers; they were 29-23 against them, but this time around things are different. Lefties have held Minnesota to a .204 batting average. Last week Boston Southpaw Bill Lee beat them with five innings of two-hit relief. The Twins split four games.

TIGERS TICKLED PINK TO PLAY RANGERS said a headline in the Detroit *Free Press*. The pink turned to an embarrassed red, though, as Texas beat the Tigers 2-1 and 4-1 with the help of two fine relief efforts by Steve Foucault. Texas fans were treated to the sight of elephantine Frank Howard, a Ranger last year and now Detroit's designated hitter, trying to steal a base. He didn't make it.

KC 13-7 CHI 9-9 MINN 9-9
CAL 9-7 OAK 9-11 TEX 9-10

## AL EAST

Detroit lost five of six games yet found solace in, of all things, a three-base error by Willie Horton that led to a 5-3 loss to the Orioles. The redeeming aspects of that miscue were, first, that Horton made it while displaying newfound hustle and attitude in the outfield and, second, that he didn't go into one of his abysmal sulks afterward. "Keep hustling," Manager Billy Martin told him in consolation. Baltimore stayed in front as Jim Palmer held off the A's 2-1 to end a string of three straight one-run losses. For the first time ever, from Little League to the majors, Boog Powell batted eighth, going 0 for 4 and lowering his batting average to .222.

Johnny Briggs of Milwaukee had a tooth pulled, but it was the Royals who felt the pain as the Brewers pounded out 10 hits in the course of Jerry Bell's three-hit 9-1 victory. In all, the Brewers hit six homers during the week and climbed to the giddy heights of second place.

The Yankees arrived back in New York after a miserable road trip to wait in vain for a bus that was supposed to meet them at the airport. On the other hand, the home runs they have been expecting finally did arrive when they hit four (two by Bobby Murcer) in drubbing the Twins 11-3 behind George Medich.

Boston pitchers gave up 27 walks as the Red Sox lost three of five contests with the Indians, Twins and White Sox by a total of four runs.

Seven homers and some fine pitching bolstered Cleveland's self-esteem. The most dramatic of the clouts was a grand slam by Ron Lolich with two out in the last of the ninth to beat the Red Sox 8-7. Best of the pitching jobs were Dick Tidrow's 1-0 stopper against the A's and a 6-2 win over the Angels by Milt Wilcox, who went seven innings before allowing a hit.

BALT 10-9 MIL 9-9 DET 9-10
BOST 7-9 NY 7-10 CLEV 9-12



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# *The critic's choice*

That traveling show which has been playing in Florida, California and New York —with a few side trips to Louisiana and Arkansas—assembles in Louisville for the gala performance this week. The cast consists of a couple of legitimate stars and a carload of unpredictable extras hoping to prove that the mile and a quarter of Saturday's 99th Kentucky Derby will not be a two-horse race between Mrs. Penny Tweedy's heavily favored Secretariat and Sigmund Sommer's Sham.

This week's one-mile Derby Trial probably will raise the hopes of a few more owners and the starting Derby field may number 16 runners. But nothing that happened last week in two Derby prep races should cause either Secretariat or Sham to shiver. The Blue Grass Stakes, a mile and an eighth at Keeneland, was won by Arthur Appleton's My Gallant by a head over Our Native, the colt that had beaten him by the same margin in Hialeah's Flamingo in early March. And on opening day at Churchill Downs, 1-to-2 favorite Shecky Greene, a professional sprinter, proved it again by pinning a five-length defeat on Everglades winner Restless Jet, covering the seven furlongs of the Stepping Stone in a respectable 1:23.

Both these winners are trained by the same man, Lou Goldfine, who until 10 years ago was a pharmacist in Chicago. Goldfine believes that My Gallant (by Belmont Stakes winner Gallant Man) has a better chance in the Derby than Shecky Greene. And yet, possibly against his better judgment, he may run Shecky Greene in the Derby to satisfy owner Joe Kellman. The only way Shecky can win at the Derby distance is to open up 10 lengths and hope that the opposition runs through or over the stable gap on the backstretch. My Gallant must be taken more seriously even though the Blue Grass was his first stakes victory. He ran a commendable race and was slowly drawing away at the finish. As his jockey, Angel Cordero, points out, "That race and the longer homestretch at Churchill Downs certainly will do him no harm."

The disappointment of the Blue Grass was Forego, who took the lead briefly and then tired badly to finish fifth, a length and a half back of Warbucks and Impecunious who dead-heated for third. Warbucks had the best finishing kick of this bunch, and the fact that Bill Hartack will ride him in the Derby counts for something. There is nothing that Hartack would like to do more than win his sixth Derby. He now is tied with retired Eddie Arcaro for the most Derby victories. Florida Derby winner Royal and Regal faded to seventh in the Blue Grass after setting the early pace, while Starkers showed next to nothing.

In the Stepping Stone, Restless Jet showed that he deserves a chance at the longer distance, while the others, including Sham's stablemate, Knightly Dawn, were unimpressive.

This brings us to Sham and the Lucien Laurin-trained entry of Angle Light and Secretariat. What has Laurin worried is Secretariat's third-place finish in the Wood Memorial, the colt's first sign of inconsistency. That and the persistent rumors that something is bothering Secretariat. "These stories make me mad," the trainer says. "Anyone is crazy to think I would run *any* horse at *any* time unless he was 100%, right. Last week Jimmy the Greek claimed my horse was standing in ice with knee troubles and there was talk of laying odds that the colt wouldn't even get to the Derby. Now how do those kinds of stories get started? It beats me. Secretariat has not been put in ice and there's nothing in the world wrong with him."

Rumors fly around a racetrack, particularly when the subject of the stories is a heavy favorite. It is not unheard of for a Derby favorite to be withdrawn from the race at the last minute. Sir Gaylord (Secretariat's half brother) was scratched less than 48 hours before the 1962 Derby, and Gen. Duke was pulled out in 1957 at 8 o'clock on Derby morning. Nobody would wish this sort of bad luck on Secretariat. But whether he runs or not in the ninth at Churchill Downs on Saturday, I think the winner is going to be an equally beautiful colt named Sham. **END**

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*



# *Computers make poor partners*

Not too long ago an occupational survey of top bridge players would have revealed that more of our experts had been trained in law than in any other profession. Today a similar survey would almost surely show that the list is headed by computer scientists.

Does this mean that a computer might play better bridge than a mere human being? Hardly. You can feed the thing with data but you can't make it think. More than 30 years ago a genius named William Patzer taught a machine to defend a single hand so that it would always defeat the logical game contract, no matter what line of play the declarer chose. In later years, with far more sophisticated equipment at their command, computer experts calculated the winning way to play blackjack (twenty-one), but about the best they were able to do with bridge was to teach a computer to deal hands. Which reminds me of a letter Ely Culbertson once received. "I have mastered the shuffle and deal. Now what?"

A more recent attempt, reported in the September 1971 issue of *Psychology Today*, was made by a San Diego computer consultant named Chris N. Napjus, who claimed to have successfully programmed a computer to "learn" to play bridge. After 800 hands, the computer attained a level that would be considered fairly good for a beginner.

The uncanny element of this achievement was that the computer, programmed to play only as the declarer, seemed to learn as it played, but in time its improvement rate dropped. It got into trouble when faced with a problem like the one on the deal shown here. As an example, put yourself in the South seat and try your luck at a four-heart contract.

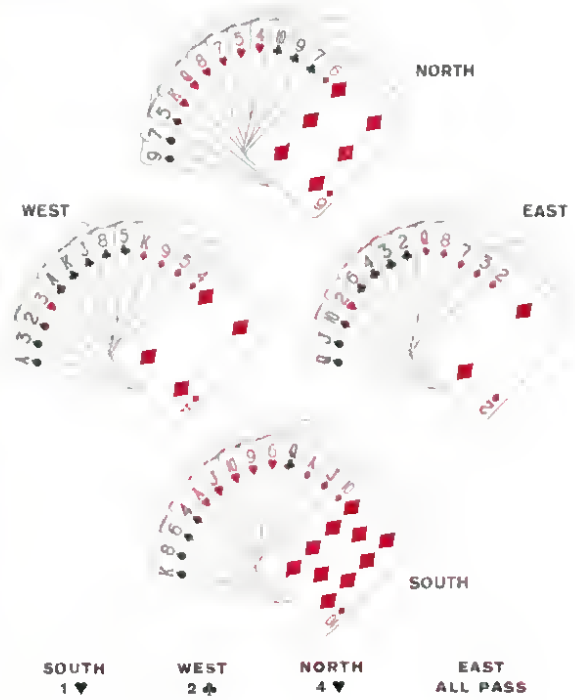
A computer—and not a few of the human experts holding the West cards—would be programmed *not* to make a takeout double of a bid of one major suit without having four cards in the other and thus would miss, as West did here, any possibility of finding a good save at five diamonds, which goes down only one because the defenders cannot make more than one heart and two diamond tricks. (Five clubs would prove unprofitable because North could lead his singleton diamond: South would give his partner a ruff and get back in with the heart ace for a second diamond ruff that would give them 500 points.)

Since East-West did not sacrifice, your task is to make four hearts. First, count your losers after ruffing the second club lead. You will find none in the red suits, so your job is simply to avoid losing three spade tricks. Any robot could be taught to draw a round of trumps and then ruff out South's two losing diamonds and dummy's one remaining club. It could also be programmed to lead a spade from dummy and duck the trick on the theory that West might be forced to win it, in which case he would then have to make a return favorable to the declarer. But as the cards lie, East would hold the first spade trick and his spade return would give the defense two more tricks to sink the contract.

Thinking produces better results. After ruffing the second club, you lead a trump to dummy, ruff the last club, get back to dummy with another trump and take an "unnecessary" finesse in diamonds, losing a trick in that suit but getting back two. West, in with the king of diamonds, cannot make a winning return. A spade lead sets up your king and you can then discard another of dummy's spades on your ace of diamonds. A club lead lets you ruff in your hand while discarding a spade from dummy and a second spade goes on the diamond ace. And a diamond return into your ace-jack gives you two spade pitches from dummy.

Did you find the winning play? Or did you play like a computer? **END**

*East-West vulnerable*
*South dealer*




| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ♥ | 2 ♣ | 4 ♥ | ALL PASS |

*Opening lead king of clubs*



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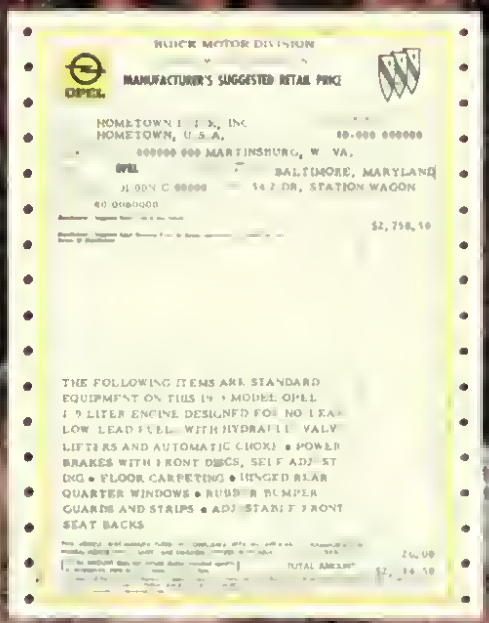
Wagon utility starts with a carpeted rear deck (with a hidden storage compartment below) and a lot of space in the back. So you can carry 53.4 cubic feet of packs and tents and sleeping bags.

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# Burning one's bridges to the past

**He awaited retirement eagerly, a time to fish and feel the sun, but when it came, the old man on the highway span was sadly disillusioned**

One day some years ago I drove from Miami to Palm Beach for a business appointment, and it was on the kind of day that causes a man to move to Florida in the first place. Bright, sunny, with just enough homemade divinity in the sky to break up the monotony of the flat horizon. It was a goof-off day, and because I was goofing off I took the slower but scenic A1A route after the maze at Fort Lauderdale.

I crossed a drawbridge past Deerfield Beach and noticed the cluster of ancient fishermen on the crest of the bridge, their lines dripping over the concrete balustrade. But there was one old man down at the end of the bridge, well away from the other fishermen. The water was shallow near the bank, and I wondered why he didn't move higher up, where he could cast into deeper water. Perhaps the old man had discovered a deep pool or an eddy that could not be seen from the highway. Perhaps, if the old man had not been standing all alone, I would not have noticed him.

The business transaction in Palm Beach was pleasant. The man who gave me the check was happy to do so because the money belonged to his company and not to him, and I was happy to get the check because I had already worked out a great way to spend it when I got back to Miami.

Going home, I drove even slower than on the way to Palm Beach. This time when I approached the drawbridge below Deerfield the jaws were open. I parked on the side of the road and walked over to the abutment to watch a powerboat chug through. The captain, or pilot, wore a Navy blue flannel jacket and a yellow silk scarf. The woman with him, however, was wearing an orange bikini and a heavy layer of suntan oil. I could smell the woman and the coconut in the oil as the boat passed. The boat was almost out of sight before I spoke to the old man, who was still there, still fishing.

"Catching anything, Pop?"

He nodded. "Three bream. More'n I wanted to catch."

He was a clean old man, wearing stiff khaki chinos, blue canvas tennis shoes and a long-billed cap. His long-sleeved sport shirt still had starch in it, even though he had been standing out in the sun all day. His face was close-shaven and there was a scaly circle on each cheek the color of a ripe Valencia orange. Sun cancers. Benign, of course, but potentially dangerous—and sometimes they itch a little. I had one carved off my left temple by a dermatologist for $50, and it left a round white scar the size of a dime. Now that we are all wearing our hair a little longer, the scar is almost hidden. Florida fishermen get them constantly. Even if you wear a hat the reflection from the water gets to your face. But the prospect of sun cancers has had no statistical effect on the mass migration of old men to Florida.

I looked into this one's yellow plastic bucket. It held a Col. Sanders snack

continued





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box, an empty Nehi bottle and a wadded Oh Henry wrapper.

"Where are the fish?"

He shrugged. "I turned 'em loose."

"But bream are supposed to be good eating."

"If you like to eat fish, they are."

"You don't eat fish?"

He shook his head. "No, and I don't like fishin', either."

I didn't laugh. I took out a cigarette, and offered the pack to the old man. His fingers reached out, and then he swiftly pulled back his hand.

"I don't smoke," he said firmly.

After lighting my cigarette I said, not unkindly, "If you don't like to fish and you don't eat fish, why have you been fishing all day? I remember seeing you in this same spot when I crossed the bridge at around nine this morning." He was silent.

"Because," he said at last, "I don't know what else to do. Before I retired I was a vice-president of an insurance company in St. Louis. And this is what I always thought I wanted to do someday, retire to Florida and fish. The first day I tried it I discovered I disliked it. But by that time it was too late. I had already bought a house, and my wife wouldn't let me stay home during the day."

"So I fish. Every day. In the beginning I used to take my catch home. But when I did, my wife felt that it was her duty to cook them. And I hate the taste of fish, the stink of fish and even the smell of other fishermen. That's why I stand down here by myself. Now when I go home in the evening I tell my wife that I didn't catch anything. It's simpler that way. She doesn't have to prepare the fish, and I don't have to eat any."

"Why don't you stay home and get a hobby of some kind?"

"I'd love to, but a woman can't stand to have a man around all day. I'd like to stay home and watch TV. The house is air conditioned, and" — he fingered the sun cancers — "maybe I could get these things cleared up. But my wife gets jittery when I'm around the house, and runs me out. And after talking about wanting to come to Florida for 30 years I can't tell her that I hate to fish."

"To get it straight. You hate to fish, but you're forced by circumstances to fish every day."

"That's about the size of it. I believe I will take one of those cigarettes if you don't mind."

"Sure."

He was a fine old man with fissured character lines and pale but keen eyes. The white hair that puffed out below his cap was more plentiful than mine. I thought about the check in my billfold. If this tough old man had handled the insurance deal instead of the young guy in Palm Beach, the check would have been halved. At least 67, maybe 68, the fisherman had several more unhappy years ahead on this bridge.

"I guess that you'll be fishing here tomorrow, then?" I said.

"That's right." He returned the cigarettes and lighter. "When 8:30 rolls around, I'll be standing right here with my line out."

"I—I hope you don't catch anything!"

"Thanks," he said gravely. "I appreciate that."

I returned to my car, and driving over the bridge wondered about the other old men who were there. How many fished because they had to and not because they wanted to? It was a cinch that none of them fished out of necessity, out of hunger. How many of these fishermen, like the man I had talked with, hated fishing as much as he did but didn't have the guts to admit it?

I reviewed my own fishing experiences. When I was younger and living in Los Angeles, a gang of us occasionally went out to the all-night fishing barge off Santa Monica. But we never did much fishing. We would try for half an hour or so, and someone might catch a barracuda or a sand shark, and then we would all go inside where it was warm and drink beer and play poker for the rest of the night. None of us really liked to fish. We used the overnight barge merely as an excuse to get drunk and play poker.

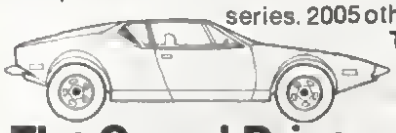
Once in Bimini I tried sailfishing on a charter boat, but I got seasick after an hour and, to the captain's disgust, made him take me back to the dock. The only other time I could remember going out for fish was in Georgia while I was stationed at Fort Gordon. A sergeant I knew had a musette bag full of concussion grenades. We killed half a dozen bass, a dozen frogs and a cottonmouth that day. The bass, after being roasted over a smoky fire, tasted like salted buffalo chips. By the end of the day I had a swollen face full of mosquito bites,

continued



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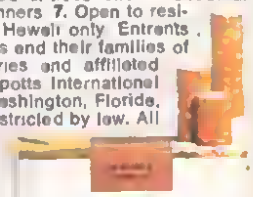


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## Sunoco Special. The long mileage motor oil.

and chiggers all over my arms and hands. By the following morning the scratches on the backs of my hands had festered, and they resembled yellow worms. All day long I had been fearful of getting caught with the bag of grenades. The sergeant claimed, falsely as I discovered later, that the laws against fishing with explosives didn't apply to professional soldiers.

After reviewing these admittedly limited experiences I knew that I hated fishing and that I would never go fishing again.

This was five years ago. Since then, on my own and without the help of a federal grant, I have talked to a lot of fishermen, more than a hundred altogether. My random sampling has included cane pole fishermen, commercial fishermen, charter boat captains and clients and even some of the men who go out on the shrimp boats at Fort Myers Beach. It is something no fisherman likes to admit, but after you work on them for awhile, gain their confidence and break down their defenses (*machismo* is definitely tied up with this thing, you know), every man I have talked the matter over with has finally admitted, or confessed, that he truly hated fishing!

The only excuse for fishing, like hand-to-hand combat, is that it gives you something to do with your hands. There it is, the ugly truth about fishing for "pleasure" and for profit. I spend a good deal of time — too much — just sitting and don't get nearly enough exercise. Last night, to do something about it, I dug out my bowling shoes and ball and drove to the nearest alley. Not wanting to bowl alone, I asked a guy who was putting on his shoes if he wanted to bowl with me.

"If you want to," he replied.

"Fine. You can go first."

"No," he said, "go ahead."

"All right. You can keep the score."

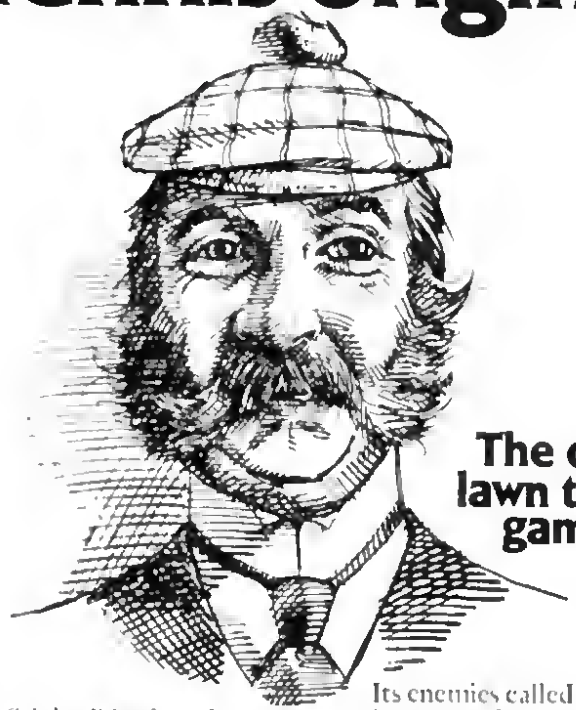
"No." He shook his head. "I don't keep score."

I laughed. "You sound like a guy who doesn't like . . ." I didn't finish the sentence. In the morning my back muscles would ache, and the stiffness would bother me all day. My thumb and middle finger would be swollen and sore.

Without another word, and without keeping score, we grimly rolled about 10 lines before we earned enough manhood to call it quits and get the hell out of there. **END**




# Tennis originals.



**The original lawn tennis game.**

Its enemies called it, "Sticky." Its founder, Major Walter Wingfield, called it, "Sphairistike." Later to be known as lawn tennis, the first game was played in February 1874 in England on an hour-glass shaped court with droopy nets.




**The original light Scotch.**

Usher's Green Stripe. Long a favorite of tennis fanciers, Usher's may very well have been on hand when Major Wingfield vied for that very first match point. For you see, Andrew Usher had already perfected this superbly light original some 21 years before. Since 1853, advantage, Usher's.

**Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.**

Produce of Scotland

# *Shall we gather at the squash courts?*

**Once the old walls rang to the sound of hymns. But since a band of businessmen bought the church and converted it, there is a new sense of athletic mission. And, Lord knows, it's good for them**

If given to name-dropping, don't bother adding the Silver Lake Athletic Club to your repertoire; the social cachet quotient of this particular organization is right in there with the Bayonne, N.J. YMCA and the Lincoln, Neb. Moose Lodge. But there is a far more important quality about the tiny upstate New York club than its impact on status-seekers. It represents a stimulating and original effort to introduce low-cost indoor athletics to the hinterlands.

The Silver Lake Athletic Club resides in the abandoned shell of the Universalist Church on South Main Street in Perry, N.Y., a placid, tree-shrouded village of 5,500 retired farmers and commuters to nearby Rochester. Perry is a routine example of small-town America—its streets are lined with gawky 19th-century frame houses, and a miniature business district features a pair of stoplights—but its athletic club gives it a certain air of distinction in the face of its fellow communities in the region.

For over 100 years the wooden walls of the old church resonated with the vibrations of its powerful, tracker-action pipe organ, but today the aged building releases other sounds—the thumps and bangs of bodies and balls bouncing off the pair of racquetball/handball courts that fill its insides. The windows have been filled in, giving the building's exterior a blind, white clapboarded facade. Its stained-glass windows and pews have been sold to antique collectors. The space once occupied by its sanctuary now houses the two game courts, a sauna bath/locker area and a card and billiard room.

"When the idea for a club like this first came to us, we had to find an old, unused structure with 20-foot ceilings. The church, which was for sale, was ideal," says Russ Clark, a prosperous, robust real estate developer, who ramrodded the club into existence. Clark and a group of friends had been exposed to racquetball during an adult physical education program at a nearby state university campus. Realizing that the school's crowded courts prevented the brand of serious play they desired, they informally discussed the creation of a club. "The more we talked about it, the more sense it made. This isn't a really rich area, so we had to design the thing so that it wouldn't be too big a burden on people's budgets. We finally decided to create a nonprofit corporation and to invite 50 members at $300 apiece, which gave them a two-year membership and a single share of stock. With $15,000 operating capital, we then obtained bank loans for another $24,000. The old church was purchased for $6,500 and we were on our way."

Obviously, no one can create a first-class athletic club with the kind of budget Clark and his cohorts had in mind. Several compromises had to be made, including the modified fabrication of the courts themselves. Ideally, handball courts are lined with matched hardwood boards that are extremely expensive. The Silver Lake Club had to settle for five-eighths-inch plywood sheets. The standard court dimension is 20 by 40 feet, but the odd shape of the old church build-

*continued*



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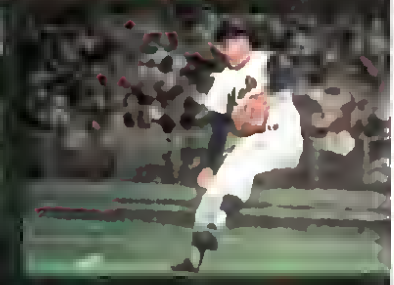
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ing dictated court sizes of 22 by 38½ feet. Says Clark, "A couple of experts told us it would be impossible to play the game off plywood, but we had no choice. Actually, it worked out fine. A number of really fine handball and racquetball players have used our courts and they can hardly tell the difference. And the court dimensions don't seem to make much difference either. In fact, the slightly smaller area tends to keep the ball in play longer and makes the volleys more competitive."

By the time the sauna bath was installed and the construction work was nearly completed, the club had run through its initial funds. Its board of directors decided to admit another 25 members to gain additional capital. "We were flying blind in the whole thing," says Clark. "We tried to limit the membership on the basis of club usage. Actually, we've discovered that the facility can easily accommodate 100 members and we've just expanded the rolls to include that number.

"You could do what we did almost anywhere in the country," Clark adds. "Any vacant building would do, an old store, a warehouse, a deserted factory or barn – any structure that can be gutted to give you a space approaching 20 by 40 feet with 20-foot ceilings. The whole deal is flexible, fancy or simple as your particular budget requires. In our area we felt that 300 bucks a member was about the limit."

The Silver Lake Athletic Club has no full-time attendant or steward and the members do their best to keep the locker room policed themselves. Each member is equipped with a key, and court usage is simply controlled by sign-up sheets, meaning that the club runs without day-to-day supervision. Guests are admitted for a nominal fee, which provides an additional source of revenue. Total annual operating costs are about $6,500, including heat, lights and maintenance.

Because local zoning laws forbid alcohol on the premises, the Silver Lake Athletic Club has a limited social calendar. Aside from a few card games, or the occasional member fleeing the pandemonium of his own living room to watch a football game in silence on the club TV set, the place is used almost exclusively for racquetball. While the courts are satisfactory for handball and squash, racquetball has established itself as the favorite game. "It's not as strenuous as

continued




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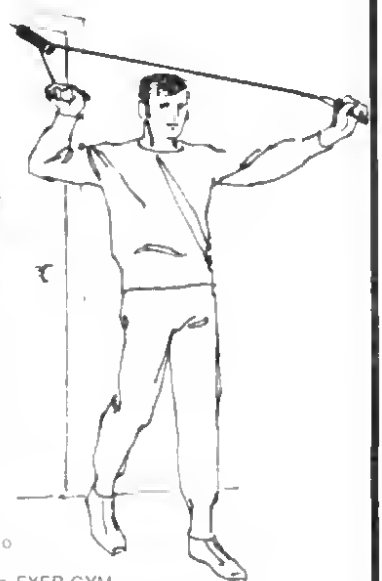
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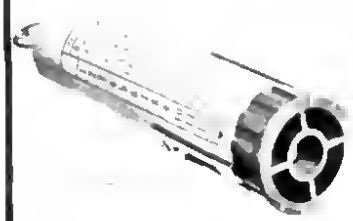
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handball, and we've got a lot of middle-aged members," says Clark.

Can the Silver Lake Athletic Club realistically be duplicated elsewhere? Russ Clark and his friends see no reason why hundreds of similar clubs can't spring up. "All you need is a few interested guys willing to pool their money, some kind of suitable building and a friendly banker who's willing to lend some money, either with a note or mortgage," says Clark. "We do feel that an older building is essential, as opposed to construction of a facility from the ground up. Even with using the simplest materials like concrete blocks, etc., we estimate that we couldn't have built this size club, brand new, for less than $100,000.

"But with an older building and the use of volunteer labor, you can really cut costs. Local businessmen donated services, furniture and the television set, which meant that the group effort helped keep the budget in line.

"When we started to talk about this thing, most of the guys had never even heard of racquetball. You'd mention the game and all you'd get was a blank stare. But now we've got maybe 50 fellows who've really gotten serious about the game. There are three or four excellent players in the club and maybe another 20 who could handle themselves in any company."

So the Silver Lake Athletic Club is on its way, producing its own unique form of athletic competition, especially during the dark, grim winter months that shroud upstate New York. Men who once looked forward to nothing more strenuous than television tuning and card shuffling are now perspiring and flailing their way around the plywood courts of their newfound sanctuary. No one will know how many cardiac arrests will be blunted or delayed by their efforts. If the tiny club has no other value, it is the source of critical exercise for a group of comfortable gentry too often prone to overeating and underexertion. At one point one of the founders was trying to talk a businessman into parting with $300 for a charter share of stock. The prospect, a citizen of substantial girth, was balking at the price. "Look at it this way," said the club member, "in your case it'll be the cheapest health insurance you could buy."

The fat man signed up. So far, he hasn't lost a pound, but he's developed a backhand you wouldn't believe. **END**

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# Quick, somebody, a Pelé

The first hint that Phil Woosnam must be a very stubborn man comes from the short, bristling crew cut he has worn for 15 years. The next is that he is commissioner of the North American Soccer League. The NASL is a unique miracle of survival that began as a great oak and grew to be an acorn. This week, fitfully reviving, it opens its sixth annual season.

Woosnam is an evangelical immigrant from the farm country of central Wales and his assignment as commissioner is to sell professional soccer to Americans, a challenge comparable to persuading the Red Chinese to start up a pro golf tour. Woosnam probably would tackle that, too, and convince Chairman Mao he could win the seniors.

"Woosnam will never be accused of thinking small," says Furman Bisher, columnist and sports editor of *The Atlanta Journal*. "He'd have kept the *Titanic* afloat with confidence alone. He could have turned the Johnstown Flood into a trickle."

"He's the only guy tenacious enough and positive enough to keep soccer going," says Dick Cecil, a vice-president with the Atlanta Braves baseball team and the man who in 1966 lured Woosnam to run the Braves-owned soccer team, the Chiefs.

Lavish endorsements, these, but indicative of the forces Woosnam has been battling uphill for the past six years, first as player-coach and general manager of the Chiefs, then as NASL commissioner. Woosnam and pro soccer have stayed afloat through the euphoric spending sprees of the early days and then the shattering fiscal morning after. Compared with their problems, player strikes, antitrust suits and congressional investigations are stuff for half a day at the office. So does Woosnam worry and retreat into dark Welsh melancholy? Not half of it.

"It's because we are about to turn the corner," Woosnam said recently, a broad smile on his lean, bony face as he greeted a visitor to the cramped league offices on the less glamorous end of New York's Park Avenue. "It is all just about to happen. In six or eight years our franchises will be worth more than those in the National Football League. Right now we offer the best investment in all of professional sport."

Woosnam really believes that a franchise picked up today for $25,000 will be worth over $20 million by 1980. After all, he is a devoted product of that nine-tenths of the world that remains baffled by America's mulish reluctance to accept what is clearly the best game. He was a slender 33-year-old inside right with Aston Villa in the English Football League's First Division when first lured across the Atlantic during what appeared to be the Great Breakthrough of 1966. Major league soccer had come at last and with not just one league, but two. One group, the 12-member United Soccer Association, obtained official recognition from the FIFA, world soccer's ruling body. The other, the 10-team National Professional Soccer League, settled for a generous television contract with CBS. The leagues' backers included Lamar Hunt, Jack Kent Cooke, Judge Roy Hofheinz and the managements of the Braves, Baltimore Orioles, Chicago White Sox and Cleveland Indians, which added up to something of a financial deluge. On hindsight, a nice, steady soaking rain might have been healthier.

Readying for the inaugural 1967 season, scouts swarmed over the soccer world in search of players, coaches, general managers and entire squads. For $20,000 a year Woosnam agreed to be the Chiefs' general manager, coach and backup player. "He was an obvious choice," recalls Clive Toye, formerly chief soccer writer with *The Daily Express* of London and now general manager of the New York Cosmos in the NASL. "In addition to being a skillful player he was a leader, a quarterback with great ability to get the most out of himself and the other players."

Woosnam regarded the new assignment almost as a sacred mission, a logical application of the experience he had gained in close to a decade at the top in British soccer. Perhaps even his university degree in science would prove helpful. Alas, never has a missionary entertained so many misconceptions about the natives.

"I thought that competition between two rival leagues would be beneficial," says Woosnam. "It was a disaster. I thought the ethnic groups would welcome us. They practically ignored us because we weren't up to old country standards. I thought the kids would be playing the game in elementary school. They hardly got involved until high school. Finally, I thought the clubs would stay with soccer for five years, no matter what the losses, and give the game a real chance to catch on."

This was the worst misunderstanding of all. With two leagues wooing a market that seemed barely capable of supporting even one, the opening season became a wild spending spree. A few annual budgets reached $1 million. At the end of the year five clubs, their resources seriously depleted, vanished forever.

continued



DOGGED HOPEFULS WOOSNAM AND TOYE

from the scene. So did the two leagues.

The 17 survivors declared a truce and merged into the North American Soccer League, but the apathy was appalling. Attendance at league games averaged 3,000, compared to a break-even requirement in excess of 20,000. Three clubs each lost over $500,000 and owners began to fold their franchises like so many wooden camp chairs. CBS canceled its contract and the Great Breakthrough became the Great Breakdown. A shivering little group of five members—Dallas, Atlanta, Kansas City, St. Louis and Baltimore—remained. All that really remained was Hunt and his multimillions.

"We were trying to build a pyramid from the top down," says Woosnam. "We needed to do more groundwork at the schoolboy and amateur level."

Obviously needed also was the man who could have saved the *Titanic*. Woosnam had not been up to anything quite so superhuman, but he'd been trying. In two years at Atlanta he produced a big winner on the field and his club had performed prodigious feats of promotional and educational work among the area's young fry. Woosnam was voted in as the digest-size league's new commissioner. He might have been better off packing up his wife Ruby and their two children and cutting for home.

He stayed and enlisted Toye, then general manager of the Baltimore Bays, to join him as second-in-command. Their first office was in the visiting team locker room at Atlanta Stadium. "The locker room was carpeted, but it was not otherwise an auspicious beginning," Toye recalls. Auspicious? Not all of the five teams even had complete rosters, to say nothing of coaches or general managers or, finally, a schedule.

First task was to keep the league afloat. Woosnam demanded that the five survivors drastically reduce player salaries and other operating costs so that annual budgets could be pegged at a manageable $200,000. Then he split the season into two contrasting halves. During the first half of 16 games, each club was represented by a team imported wholesale from Great Britain. Woosnam hoped that the high quality of play would build momentum at the gate and carry through the second half of the season when the rosters consisted mainly of second-raters from overseas.

The momentum never developed. When West Ham United (Baltimore) and Wolverhampton (Kansas City), two top English First Division clubs that would have drawn 50,000 fans at home, opened the season in Baltimore, only 5,128 people attended. The nadir was reached one night in Dallas when Dundee United and Kilmarnock fought to an exciting 3-3 tie before fewer than 200 fans.

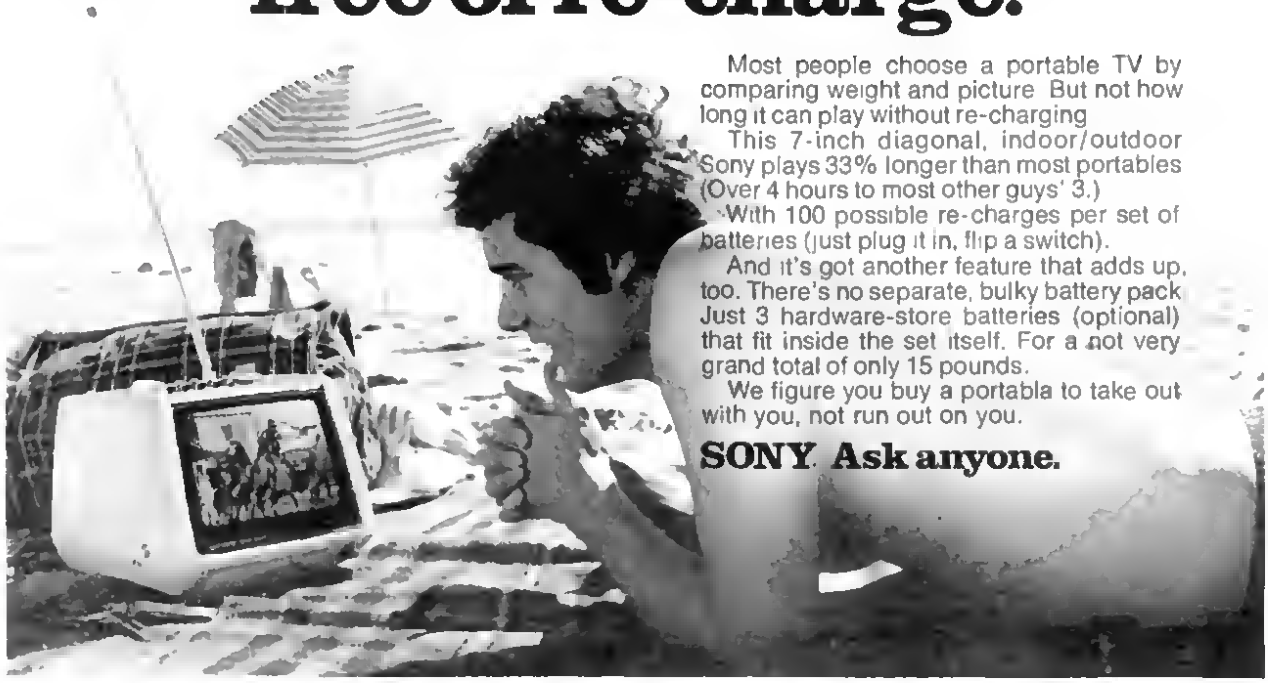
"We got so discouraged," says Toye, "that Phil and I would sit in our locker-room office whacking a soccer ball back and forth off the wall with our feet and issuing expletives with each kick."

Woosnam went on the attack. He ranged the country talking to recreation-

continued

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al groups, high schools and colleges, searching for programs that would be mutually beneficial. Backed by Hunt's fiscal clout and enthusiasm for soccer, Woosnam and Toye put on a drive to recruit new franchises. They were after not only bankrolls but people who would promote the game locally at the youth level, build the bottom of the pyramid.

"It's important to learn soccer's skills during the formative years, so that they become second nature," says Woosnam. "After 15 it's too late."

For months Woosnam and Toye worked 12 to 16 hours a day seven days a week. Baltimore and later Kansas City dropped out, but Washington and Rochester joined up, then Toronto, Montreal and New York, with Toye as its general manager, came in for the 1971 season. League attendance figures jumped from an average of 3,400 per game in '71 to 5,200 in '72, just 2,300 shy of the break-even average of 7,500.

North American soccer still sails in troubled waters. In one six-week period last fall Woosnam found new owners for Rochester, Atlanta and Miami (which had moved from Washington) and established a franchise in Philadelphia. The NASL is not yet national—there is no league team west of St. Louis—but plans call for expansion to 16 clubs by next year, possibly four of them on the West Coast. And International Famous Agency—which negotiated the Montreal 1976 Olympic ABC-TV rights—is working on a television deal. To stretch out a season that now runs only from May to August, Woosnam hopes to add a full indoor schedule of six-to-a-side soccer by next winter. The rules would resemble those of ice hockey. In an effort to juice up scoring outdoors, the league is experimenting with a less restrictive offside rule and Woosnam is even contemplating an increase in the size of the goal.

The most hopeful sign, however, is that more and more North Americans are actually playing the game. Over 600 colleges now field organized teams. All of the league cities as well as San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver, Denver, Boston, Baltimore, Washington and Cincinnati are running junior programs. Right now 85% of the NASL's players are foreign-born or imported, but Woosnam claims that imbalance will soon end, that by 1980 the percentage will be reversed in favor of native Americans.

"Everything is changing," says Toye. "Phil's persistent optimism has been catching. Now the atmosphere at league meetings is electric. Decisions are made zip-zip-zip. We can walk through doors in big business and television that have been closed to soccer for years. Older Americans may have been brought up to play sports with their hands, but everywhere you look you see a new generation of athletes who are also learning to use their feet. I think that is ultimately what will put soccer over as a major league. The new Pele, whoever he is, is alive and well and he's an American." END

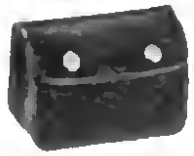

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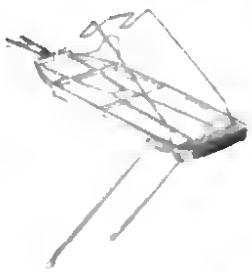
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James McMullan

# A DAY OF WINE AND ROSES

*by DICK FRANCIS*

*The horses falling in a mad tangle in the Kentucky Derby brought it all crashing back: wasn't there a conversation about a fix at Churchill Downs—or was he just dreaming*



When the breakfast Astrojet out of La Guardia was 20 minutes from Louisville, Fred Collyer took out a block of printed forms and began to write his expenses. "Cab fare to airport, $15." No matter that a neighbor had given him a ride; a little imagination in the expense department earned him half as much again (untaxed) as the *Star* paid him for his Monday racing column. "Refreshments on journey, $5," he wrote. "Entertaining for the purposes of obtaining information, $6.50."

To justify that last entry he ordered a second bourbon from the stewardess and lifted it in a silent good-luck gesture to a man sleeping across the aisle, the owner of a third-rate filly that had bucked her shins two weeks ago.

Another Kentucky Derby. His mind flickered like the scratched print of an old movie over the days ahead. The same slog out to the barns in the mornings, the same endless raking over of past form, searching for a hint of the future. The same inconclusive workouts at the track, the same slanderous rumors, same gossip, same stupid jocks, same stupid trainers shooting off their stupid mouths.

The bright burning enthusiasm that had carved out his syndicated byline was long gone. The lift of the spirit to the big occasion, the flair for sensing a story where no one else did, the sharp instinct that sorted truth from camouflage, all these he had had. All had left him. In their place lay plains of boredom and perpetual cynical tiredness. Instead of exclusives he gave his paper rehashes of other turf writers' ideas, and a couple of times recently he had failed to do even that. He was 46. He drank.

In his functional office the sports editor of the *Star* pursed his lips over Fred Collyer's account of the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct and wondered if he had been wise to send Collyer to the Derby. The guy, he thought regretfully, was washed up. He thought that before long he would have to let Fred go, that probably he should have started looking around for a replacement that day months back when Fred first turned up in the office too fuddled to hit the right keys on his typewriter. But the guy had had everything, he thought. A true journalist's nose for a story, and a gift for putting it across so vividly that the words jumped right off the page and kicked you in the brain.

*continued*

Nowadays all that was left was a reputation and an echo; the technique still marched shakily on but the personality behind it was drowning. Twice in the past six weeks Fred had been incapable of writing a story. Each time when he had not phoned, they had written a column in the office and stuck the Collyer name on it, but two missed deadlines were one more than forgivable. Three, and it would be all over.

I did warn him, thought the sports editor. I told him to be sure to turn in a good one this time. A sizzler, like he used to. I told him to make this Derby piece one of his greats.

Fred Collyer checked into the motel room that the newspaper had reserved for him and drank three quick midmorning stiffeners from the bottle he had brought along in his briefcase. He shoved the sports editor's warning to the back of his mind because he was still sure that drunk or sober he could outwrite any other man in the business, given a story that was worth the trouble.

He took a taxi out to Churchill Downs. "Cab fare, $4.50," he wrote on the way, and paid the driver $2.75. With three days to go to the Derby the racetrack looked clean, fresh and expectant. Brilliant red tulips in tidy columns pointed their petals uniformly to the blue sky, and patches of green grass glowed like shampooed rugs. Without noticing them, Fred Collyer took the elevator to the roof and trudged up the last windy steps to the huge glass-fronted pressroom that ran along the top of the stands. Inside, a few men sat at the rows of typewriters knocking out the next day's news, and a few more stood outside on the balcony watching the first race, but most were engaged in the day's serious business, which was banter.

Fred Collyer poured himself a beer at the bar and carried it over to his numbered place, exchanging hi-yas with the faces he saw on the circuit from Saratoga to Hialeah to Hollywood Park. Living on the move in hotels, and altogether rootless since Sylvie got fed up with his absences and his drinking and took the kids back to mom in Nebraska, he looked upon pressrooms as home. He felt relaxed in them, assured of respect. He was unaware that the admiration he once inspired was fading into tolerant pity.

He sat in his chair reading the track's news releases. "Trainer Harbourne Cressie reports no heat in Pincer Movement's front legs after breezing four furlongs on the track this morning. . . . No truth in rumor that Salad Bowl was running a temperature last evening, insists Veterinarian John Brewer on behalf of owner Mrs. L. (Loretta) Hicks." Marvelous, he thought sarcastically. Negative news was no news, Derby runners included.

He stayed in the pressroom all afternoon, drinking beer, discussing this, that and nothing with writers, photographers, publicists and radio newsmen, keeping an inattentive eye on the racing on the closed-circuit television, and occasionally going out on the balcony to look down on the anthill crowd far below. There was no need to struggle around down there as he used to, he thought. No need to try to see people, to interview them privately. Everything and everyone of interest came up to the pressroom sometime, ladling out info in spoon-fed dollops.



At the end of the day he accepted a ride back to town in a colleague's rental car (cab fare, $4.50), and in the evening, having laid a substantial bourbon foundation in his own room before setting out, he attended the annual dinner of the National Turf Writers Association. The throng in the big reception room was pleased enough to see him, and he moved among the writers, trainers, jockeys, breeders, owners and wives and girl friends like a fish in its home pond. Before dinner he put away four doubles on the rocks, and through the food and the lengthy speeches kept up a steady intake. At 11:30 p.m., when he tried to leave the table, he could not control his legs.

It surprised him. Sitting down, he had not been aware of being drunk. His tongue still worked as well as most around him, and his thoughts seemed perfectly well organized. But his legs buckled when he put weight on them,



and he returned to his seat with a thump. It was considerably later, when the huge room had almost emptied, that he managed to summon enough strength to stand up. Holding on to the backs of chairs and at intervals leaning against the wall, he weaved toward the door. He blundered on to the lobby, and from there, looking as if he were climbing imaginary steps, out into the night through the revolving doors.

The cool May air made things much worse. The earth seemed to be turning beneath his feet. He listed and, instead of moving forward toward the parked cars and waiting taxis, staggered head on into the wall flanking the entrance. The impact hurt him and confused him further. He put his hands flat on the rough surface and laid his face on it, unable to work out where he was.

Marius Tollman and Piper Boles had not seen Fred Collyer leave ahead of them. They strolled together along the same route, making the ordinary social phrases and gestures of people who had just come together by chance at the end of an evening, and gave no impression that they had been eyeing each other across the room for hours, thinking almost exclusively about the conversation that lay ahead.

In a country with legalized bookmaking, Marius Tollman might have grown up a respectable law-abiding citizen. As it was, his natural aptitude and only talent had led him into a lifetime of quick footwork that would have done credit to Muhammad Ali. Through the simple expedient of lending money to future racing authorities while they were still young enough to be foolish, he remained unpersecuted by them once they reached status and power, and the one sort of winner crafty old Marius could spot better even than horses was the colt heading for the boardroom.

The two men went through the glass door and stopped just outside, with the light from the lobby shining full on them. Marius never drew people into corners, believing it looked too suspicious. "Did you get the boys to go along, then?" he asked, standing on his heels with his hands in his pockets and his paunch oozing over his belt. Piper Boles slowly lit a cigarette, glanced casually at the star-dotted sky and sucked comforting smoke into his lungs.

"Yeah," he said.

"So who's elected?"

"Amberezzio."

"No," Marius protested. "He's not good enough."

Piper Boles drew deep on his cigarette. He was hungry. He had to make 111 pounds tomorrow and had only a five-ounce steak in his belly. He resented fat people, particularly rich fat people. He was putting away his own small store of fat in real estate and growth bonds, but at 38 the physical struggle was nearly defeating him. He couldn't face many more years of starvation. A sense of urgency lately had led him to consider ways of making a quick $10,000. He said, "He's straight. It'll have to be him."

Marius thought it over, not liking it. "All right, then. Amberezzio."

Piper Boles prepared to move away. It didn't do for a jockey to be seen too long with Tollman, not if he wanted to go on riding second-string for the prestigious Somerset Farms, which he most assuredly did.

Marius said smoothly, "Did you give any thought to creating a diversion on Crinkle Cut?"

Piper Boles hesitated. "It'll cost you," he said.

"Sure," Marius agreed easily. "How about another thousand, on top?"

"Used bills. Half before."

"Sure."

Piper Boles shrugged off his conscience, tossed out the last of his integrity. "O.K." he said, and sauntered away to his car as if all his nerves weren't stretched and screaming.

Fred Collyer had heard every word, and he knew without having to look that one of the voices was Marius Tollman's. Impossible for anyone long in racing not to recognize that Boston accent. He realized that Marius had been fixing up a swindle, and also that a swindle would fill his column nicely. He thought fuzzily that it was necessary to know to whom Marius had been talking, and that as the voices had been behind him he had

*continued*

better turn around and find out. Time, however, was disjointed for him, and when he pushed himself off the wall and made an effort to focus in the right direction, both men were gone. "Bastards," he said aloud, and another late homegoer, leaving the hotel, took him compassionately by the elbow and led him to a taxi. He made it safely back to his room before he passed out.

Since leaving La Guardia that morning he had drunk six beers, four brandies, one double Scotch (by mistake) and nearly three fifths of bourbon.

He woke at 11 the next morning and couldn't believe it. He stared at the bedside clock. Eleven. He had missed the barns and the morning merry-go-round at the track. He was chilled by that first realization, but there was worse to come. When he tried to sit up, the room whirled and his head thumped like a pile driver. When he stripped back the sheet he found he had been sleeping fully clothed. When he tried to remember how he had returned the previous evening, he could not do so.

He tottered into the bathroom. His face looked back at him from the mirror like a nightmare, wrinkled and red-eyed, 10 years older overnight. He had been hung over any number of times, but this felt like no ordinary morning after. A sense of irretrievable disaster hovered behind the acute physical misery, but it was not until he had lain down again weakly on the crumpled bed that he discovered its nature.

Then he realized with a jolt that not only had he no recollection of the journey back to his motel, he could recall little of the entire evening. Snatches of conversation from the first hour came back to him, and he remembered sitting at a table between a bitter, aging writer from the Maryland *Leader* and an earnest woman breeder from Lexington; but the evening went blank halfway through the fried chicken.

He had heard of alcoholic blackouts but supposed they only happened to alcoholics; and he, Fred Collyer, was not one. He would concede that he did drink a little. Well, a lot. But he could stop anytime he liked. He lay on the bed and sweated, facing the stark thought that one blackout might lead to another, until blackouts gave way to pink panthers climbing the walls. The sports editor's warning came back, and uncomfortably he remembered the two columns he had missed. He felt a shade of anxiety about his job. Within five minutes he had reassured himself that they would never fire Fred Collyer, but all the same, for the paper's sake, he would lay off liquor until after the Derby. This resolve gave him a glowing feeling of virtue, which helped him through the shivering fits and pulsating headaches of an extremely wretched day.

Out at Churchill Downs three other men were just as worried. Piper Boles kicked his horse forward into the gate and thought about what George Highbury, the Somerset Farms' trainer, had said


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when Piper showed up in the paddock two pounds overweight. Highbury considered himself superior to jocks and spoke to them curtly, win or lose. "Don't give me that crap," he had said to Boles' excuses. "You went to the turf writers' dinner last night, what do you expect?"

Piper Boles had looked back over his hungry evening with its single martini and said he'd had a session in the sweatbox that morning. Highbury scowled. "You keep your fat face away from the table tonight and tomorrow if you want the mount on Crinkle Cut in the Derby." Piper Boles needed to ride Crinkle Cut. He nodded to Highbury and swung unhappily into the saddle.

Instead of bracing him, the threat of losing the Derby ride took the edge off his concentration, so that he came out of the gate slowly, streaked the first quarter too fast to reach third place, swung wide at the bend and lost lengths straightening out. He finished sixth. He was an experienced jockey of above-average ability. It was not his day.

In the clubhouse Marius Tollman put down his binoculars. If Piper Boles couldn't ride better than that when he was supposed to be trying to win, what sort of a hash would he make of losing on Crinkle Cut?

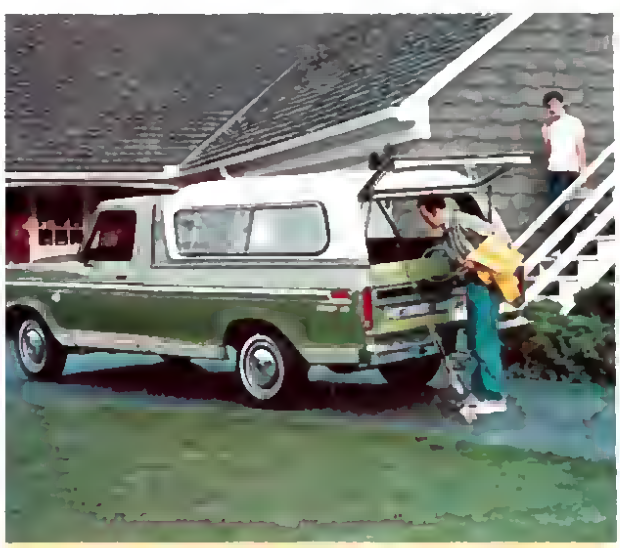
Tollman thought about the $10,000 he was staking on Saturday's caper. He had not yet decided whether to tip off his contact in organized crime, in which case the mob would cover the stake at no risk to himself, or to gamble on the bigger profit of going it alone. He lowered his bulk into his seat and worried about the ease with which a fixed race could unfix itself.

Blisters Schultz fretted about the state of his trade, which was suffering a severe recession. Schultz picked pockets for a living and was fed up with credit cards. In the old days when he'd learned the skill at his grandfather's knee, men carried billfolds in their rear pants' pockets, neatly outlined for all the world to see. Nowadays smash-and-grab muggers had ruined the market: few people carried more than a handful of dollars with them, and those who did tended to divide it into portions, with the heavy dough in less accessible pockets.

Blisters had survived for 53 years, 45 of them by stealing. Several short sessions behind bars had been regarded as bad luck, but not as a good reason for not lifting the first wallet he saw when he got out. He had tried to go straight once but hadn't liked the regular hours. After six weeks he had left his well-paid job and gone back, thankfully, to insecurity. He felt happier stealing $2 than earning $10.

For the best haul at race meetings you either had to spot the big wads before they were gambled away or follow a big winner from the cashier's window. In either case it meant hanging around the pari-mutuels with your eyes open. The trouble was, too many Pinkertons had cottoned to this *modus operandi* and stood around looking at people who were just standing there looking. Blisters had had a bad week. The most promising wal-

*continued*

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let had proved, after half an hour's careful stalking, to contain little in money but a lot in pornography. Blisters, having a weak sex drive, was disgusted on both counts.

For two days' labor he had only $23 to show, and $5 of this he had found on a stairway. His meager room in Louisville was costing $8 a night and, with his air fare and meals to take into account, he reckoned he'd have to clear $300 to make the trip worthwhile. Always an optimist, he brightened at the thought of Derby Day. The pickings would be easier once the crowd arrived.

Fred Collyer's private Prohibition lasted through Friday. Feeling better when he woke, he took a taxi to Churchill Downs at 7:30 a.m., writing his expenses on the way. They included many mythical items for the previous day, on the basis that it was better for the office not to know he had been paralytic on Wednesday night.

The initial shock of the blackout had worn off, because during his day in bed he had remembered bits and pieces that he was certain were later in time than the fried chicken. The journey from dinner to bed was still a blank, but the blank had stopped frightening him. At times he felt there was something vital about it he ought to remember, but he persuaded himself that if it had been really important, he wouldn't have forgotten.

At the barns, groups of reporters had already formed around the trainers of the fancied Derby runners. Fred Collyer sauntered over to those surrounding Harbourne Cressie, and his colleagues made room for him, with no reference to his previous day's absence. It reassured him: whatever he had done on Wednesday night, it couldn't have been scandalous.

Notebooks were out. Harbourne Cressie, long practiced and fond of publicity, paused between sentences to give time for everything to be written down. "Pincer Movement should beat Salad Bowl, unless the track is sloppy." Smiles all round. The sky was blue, the forecast fair. Fred Collyer listened without attention. He'd heard it all before.

In a rival group two barns away the trainer of Salad Bowl was saying his colt could beat Pincer Movement on Hialeah form and could run on any going, sloppy or not.

George Highbury attracted few news-

*continued*




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men, as he hadn't much to say about Crinkle Cut. The 3-year-old had been beaten by both Pincer Movement and Salad Bowl on separate occasions and was not expected to reverse things.

On Friday afternoon Fred Collyer spent his time in the pressroom and manfully refused a couple of beers. "Entertaining various owners at track, $22."

Piper Boles rode a hard finish in the sixth race, lost by a short head, and almost passed out from hunger-induced weakness in the jocks' room afterward. George Highbury noted sourly that Boles had made the weight and confirmed that he would ride Crinkle Cut. Various friends of Piper Boles, supporting him toward a daybed, asked anxiously whether tomorrow's scheme was still on. Boles nodded.

Marius Tollman was relieved to see Boles riding better, but decided to hedge his bet by letting the syndicate in on the action.

Blisters Schultz lifted two billfolds containing $14 and $22. He lost $10 backing a sure thing in the last race.

Pincer Movement, Salad Bowl and Crinkle Cut, guarded by uniformed men with guns at their waists, looked over the stable doors and with small quivers in their tuned-up muscles watched other horses go out to the track. All three knew well enough what the bugle was sounding for on the other side of the course.

Saturday morning, sunny and clear. Tens of thousands converged on Churchill Downs. Eager, expectant, chattering, dressed in bright colors and buying mint juleps in souvenir glasses, they poured through the gates and spread through the stretch-long stands, reading the latest on Pincer Movement vs. Salad Bowl, and talking of picking outsiders that would come in at 50 to 1.

Blisters Schultz had scraped together enough to pay his motel bill, but self-esteem depended on better luck. His small, lined face with its busy eyes wore a look close to desperation, and the long predatory fingers clenched and unclenched convulsively in his pockets.

Piper Boles, with 126 to do on Crinkle Cut, allowed himself an egg at breakfast. He decided to buy Occidental Petroleum with the $500 in used bills that had been delivered by hand the previous evening, and with the gains (both legal and illegal) he should add to them that day. If he cleaned up that afternoon, he thought, there was no reason why he shouldn't set up the same scheme again, even after he had retired from riding. He hardly noticed the shift in his mind from reluctant dishonesty to habitual fraud.

Marius Tollman spent the morning telephoning acquaintances, offering profit. His offers were accepted. Tollman felt buoyant and with spring in his step he took his 260 pounds downtown, where a gentleman counted out $10,000 in untraceable bills. Tollman gave him a receipt. Business was business.

Fred Collyer wanted a drink. One, he thought, wouldn't hurt. It would pep him up a bit, put him on his toes. One drink in the morning would certainly not stop him from writing a punchy piece that evening. The *Star* couldn't possibly frown on just one drink before he went to the races, especially as he had managed to keep clear of the bar the previous evening by going to bed at nine. His abstinence had involved a great effort of will: it would be right to reward such virtue with just one drink. He lifted out his wallet to check how much he had in it: $53, plenty after expenses to cover a fresh bottle for later as well as a quick one in the bar before he left.

He went downstairs. In the lobby his colleague Clay Petrovitch again offered a ride to the track, so Collyer decided he could postpone the drink. He gave himself little mental pats on the back all the way to Churchill Downs.

Blisters Schultz, circulating among the clusters of people at the rear of the grandstands, saw Marius Tollman going by in the sunshine, leaning backward to support the weight in front and sighing audibly in the growing heat. Schultz knew the fat man by sight, knew that somewhere around that gross body might be stacked enough cash to see him through the summer.

Two thoughts made Blisters hesitate as he slid like an eel in the fat man's wake. The first was that Tollman was too old a hand to let himself be robbed. The second was that he was known to have friends among the mob, and if Tollman was carrying organization money Blisters wasn't going to burn his fingers stealing it, which was how he got his nickname in the first place. Regretfully, Blisters peeled off from the quarry and returned to the throng in the comforting shadows under the grandstand. At 12:17 he infiltrated a close-packed bunch of people waiting for an elevator. At 12:18 he stole Fred Collyer's wallet.

Marius Tollman carried his money in underarm pockets, which he clamped to his sides in a crowd. When the time came he would visit as many selling windows as possible, inconspicuously distributing the stake. He would give Piper Boles almost half of the tickets (along with the second $500 in used bills) and keep the other half for himself.

He bought a mint julep and smiled kindly at a girl showing more bosom than bashfulness. The sun stoked up the day. The preliminary contests rolled over one by one with waves of cheering, each hard-ridden finish merely a sideshow to the big one—the Derby, the roses, the climax, the ninth race.

In the jocks' room Piper Boles changed into the silks for Crinkle Cut and began to sweat. The nearer he came to the race the more he wished it was an ordinary Derby. He steadied his nerves by reading *The Wall Street Journal*.

Fred Collyer discovered the loss of his wallet when he tried to pay for a beer. He cursed, searched his pockets, got the keys of the car from Clay Petrovitch, who was up in the pressroom, and retraced his steps to the parking lot. After a fruitless search he headed back to the clubhouse in a fury.

His practical problems were not great. He needed little cash. Petrovitch would take him back to town, the motel bill was going direct to the *Star*, and his plane ticket was lying safely on the bureau in his room. He could borrow 20 bucks from Clay to cover essentials. Going up in the elevator he thought that the loss of his money was like a sign from heaven: no money, no drink. Blisters Schultz kept Fred Collyer sober the whole afternoon.

Pincer Movement, Salad Bowl and Crinkle Cut were led from their barns into the tunnel under the crowds, and out again onto the track in front of the grandstand. They walked loosely, casually, used to the limelight. The first sight of the day's princes galvanized the crowds toward the pari-mutuel windows like shoals of multicolored fish.

Piper Boles walked out with the other jockeys to the wire-meshed paddock where horses, trainers and owners stood

continued



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in groups in the stalls. Boles had begun to suffer from a feeling of detachment and unreality: he could not believe that he, a basically honest jockey, was about to disrupt a Kentucky Derby.

George Highbury repeated, for about the 40th time, the tactics they had agreed on. Piper Boles nodded seriously, as if he had every intention of carrying them out. Actually he scarcely heard a word; he was deaf to the massed bands and the singing when the Derby runners were led onto the track. *My Old Kentucky Home* swelled the emotions of a multitude and brought out a flutter of eye-wiping handkerchiefs, but in Piper Boles it caused not a blink.

Through the parade, the canter down to the post and even into the starting gate, the detachment persisted. Only then, with tension showing plain on the faces of the other riders, did Boles click back to the present. His heart rate nearly doubled and energy flooded into his brain. Now, he thought. It is now, in the next minute, that I earn myself $1,000; and after that, the rest.

He pulled down his goggles and gathered the reins and whip. He had Pincer Movement on his right and Salad Bowl on his left, and when the stalls sprang open he went out between them in a rush, tipping his weight instantly forward over the withers and standing in the stirrups with his head almost as far forward as Crinkle Cut's.

Past the stands the first time he concentrated on staying in the center of the pack, as unnoticeable as possible, and round the first turn he was still there, sitting quiet and doing little. But down the backstretch, laying about 10th in a field of 26, he earned his thousand.

No one except Piper Boles ever knew what really happened, only he knew that he'd shortened his left rein with a sharp turn of his wrist and squeezed Crinkle Cut's ribs with his right foot. The fast-galloping horse obeyed these directions, veered abruptly left and crashed into the horse beside him—Salad Bowl. Under the impact Salad Bowl cannoned into the horse on his own left, rocked back, stumbled, lost his footing and fell. The two horses on his tail fell over him.

Piper Boles didn't look back. The swerve and collision had cost him several lengths, which Crinkle Cut in the best of times would have been unable to make up. He rode the rest of the race strictly according to his instructions, finishing flat out in 12th place.

Of the 140,000 spectators at Churchill Downs, only a handful had had a clear view of the disaster on the far side of the track. The buildings in the infield and the milling crowds had hidden the crash from nearly all standing at ground level and from most in the grandstands. Only the press, high up, had seen. They sent out urgent queries and buzzed like a stirred-up beehive.

Fred Collyer, on the balcony, watched photographers running to immortalize Pincer Movement and reflected sourly that none of them would have taken closeup pictures of the second favorite, Salad Bowl, down on the dirt. He watched the dark red roses being draped over the winner and the triumphal presentation of the trophies, and then went inside for the rerun of the race on television. They showed the Salad Bowl incident forward, backward and sideways, and then jerked it through slowly in a series of stills.

"See that," said Clay Petrovitch, pointing at the screen over Fred Collyer's shoulder. "It was Crinkle Cut that caused it. You can see him crash into Salad Bowl . . . there! . . . Crinkle Cut, that's the joker in the pack."

Fred Collyer strolled over to his place, sat down and stared at his typewriter. Crinkle Cut. He knew something about that horse. He thought intensely for five minutes, but he couldn't remember.

Details and quotes came up to the pressroom. All fallen jocks shaken but unhurt, all horses, ditto; stewards in a tizzy, rerunning the patrol film over and over. Suspension for Piper Boles considered unlikely, as blind eyes are usually turned to rough riding in the Derby. Piper Boles had gone on record as saying, "Crinkle Cut suddenly swerved. I didn't expect it and couldn't prevent him bumping Salad Bowl." Large numbers of people believed Boles.

Fred Collyer thought he might as well get a few paragraphs down on paper; it would bring the first drink nearer, and how he needed that drink. With an ear open for fresh information he tapped out a blow-by-blow, I-was-there account of an incident he had hardly seen. When he began to read it through he saw that the first words he had written were "The diversion on Crinkle Cut stole the post-race scene . . ."

*Diversion* on Crinkle Cut? He hadn't meant to write that . . . or not exactly. He frowned. And there were other words in his mind just as stupid. He put his hands back on the keys and typed them out. "It'll cost you . . . a thousand in used bills . . . half before."

He stared at what he had written. He had made it up. He must have. Or dreamed it. One or the other. A dream. That was it. He remembered. He had had a dream about two men planning a fixed race, and one of them had been Marius Tollman wheezing away about a diversion on Crinkle Cut.

Fred Collyer relaxed and smiled at the thought, and the next minute he knew quite suddenly that it hadn't been a dream at all. He had heard Marius Tollman and Piper Boles planning a diversion on Crinkle Cut, and he had forgotten because he'd been drunk. Well, he reassured himself uneasily, no harm done, he had remembered now, hadn't he? No, he hadn't. If Crinkle Cut was a diversion, what was he a diversion *from*? Perhaps if he waited a bit he would find he knew that, too.

Blisters Schultz spent Fred Collyer's money on two hot dogs, one mint julep and five losing bets. On the winning side he had harvested three more billfolds and a woman's purse: total haul, $94. Gloomily, he decided to call it a day and not come back next year.

Marius Tollman lumbered busily from cashier window to window, and the stewards asked to see the jockeys involved in the Salad Bowl pileup.

The crowds, tired and frayed at the edges, began to leave in the yellowing sunshine. The bands marched away. The sellers of souvenirs packed up their wares. Pincer Movement had his picture taken for the 1,000th time, and the runners for the 10th race, the last and least interesting of the day, walked over from the barns.

Piper Boles was waiting outside the stewards' room for a summons, but Marius Tollman used the highest-class messengers, and the package he entrusted was safely delivered. Piper Boles nodded, slipped it into his pocket and gave the stewards a performance worthy of Hollywood.

Fred Collyer put his head in his hands, trying to remember. A drink, he thought, might help. Diversion. Crinkle Cut. Amberezzio. He sat up sharply. *Am-*

*continued*

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*berezzio* And what the hell did that mean? *It has to be Amberezzio* "Clay," he said, leaning back over his chair, "do you know of a horse called Amberezzio?" Clay Petrovitch shook his bald head. "Never heard of it." Fred Collyer called to several others through the hubbub, "Know of a horse called Amberezzio?" And finally he got an answer. "Amberezzio isn't a horse, he's an apprentice." "*It has to be Amberezzio. He's straight*."

Fred Collyer knocked over his chair as he stood up. They had already called one minute to post time on the last race.

"Lend me 20 bucks," he said to Clay. Clay, knowing about the lost wallet, amiably agreed and slowly began to bring out his money. "Hurry," Fred Collyer said.

"O.K., O.K." Clay handed over the $20 and turned back to his own typewriter.

Fred Collyer grabbed his program and pushed through the post-Derby chatter to the pari-mutuel window farther along the press floor. He flipped the pages. Tenth race, Homeward Bound, claiming race, eight runners. His eye skimmed down the list and he found what he sought.

Philip Amberezzio, riding a horse Fred Collyer had never heard of.

"Twenty on No. 6," he said quickly, and received his ticket seconds before the window shut. Trembling slightly, he pushed back through the crowd and out onto the balcony. He was the only writer watching the race.

Those jocks did it beautifully, he thought in admiration. Artistic. You wouldn't have known if you hadn't suspected. They bunched him in and shepherded him along, and then, at the perfect moment, suddenly gave him a clear opening. Amberezzio won by half a length, with all the others waving their whips as if beating the last inch out of their mounts. Fred Collyer laughed. That poor little so-and-so probably thought he was a hell of a jockey, bringing home a complete outsider with all the big boys baying at his heels.

He went back inside the pressroom and found everyone's attention directed toward Harbourne Cressie, who had brought with him the owner and jockey of Pincer Movement. Fred Collyer dutifully took down enough quotes to cover the subject, but his mind was on the other story, the big one, the gift. It would need careful handling, he thought. It would need the very best he could do, as he would have to be careful not to make direct accusations while leaving it perfectly clear that an investigation was necessary. His old instincts reawoke. He was even excited. He would write his piece in the quiet privacy of his motel room. Couldn't do it here on the track, with every turf writer in the world looking over his shoulder.

Down in the jockeys' room Piper Boles quietly distributed the pari-mutuel tickets that Marius Tollman had delivered. $500 worth to each of the seven unsuccessful riders in the 10th race and he kept $1,000 worth for himself. Each jockey would ask a wife or friend to collect the winnings. Several of these would have been easy prey for Blisters Schultz had he not already started home.

Marius Tollman's money had shortened the odds on Amberezzio, but he still returned 12 to 1. Marius Tollman wheezed and puffed from cashier to cashier, collecting his winnings. He hadn't room for all the cash in the underarm pockets and finally stowed some casually in more accessible spots. Too bad about Blisters Schultz.

Fred Collyer collected a fistful of winnings and repaid the $20 to Clay Petrovitch. "If you had a hot tip, you might have passed it on," grumbled Petrovitch, thinking of all the expenses Fred undoubtedly would claim for his free rides to the track.

"It wasn't a tip, just a hunch," Fred said. "I'll buy you a drink on the way home."

"I should damn well think so."

Fred Collyer immediately regretted his offer, which had been instinctive. He remembered that he had not intended to drink until after he had written. Still, perhaps one. And he did need a drink very badly. It seemed a century since his last, on Wednesday night.

They left together, walking out with the remains of the crowd. The track looked battered and bedraggled at the end of the day: the scarlet petals of the tulips lay on the ground, leaving rows of naked pistils sticking up forlornly, and the bright rugs of grass were dusty gray and covered with litter. Fred Collyer thought only of the dough in his pocket and the story in his head, and both of them gave him a warm glow.

A drink to celebrate, he thought. Buy Clay a thank-you drink, and maybe one more to celebrate. It wasn't often, after all, that things fell his way so miraculously.

They stopped for the drink. The first double swept through Fred Collyer's veins like fire through a parched forest. The second made him feel great. "Time to go," he said to Clay. "I've got my piece to write."

"Just one more," Clay said. "This one's on me."

"Better not." He felt virtuous.

"Oh, come on," Clay said, and ordered. With the faintest of misgivings Fred Collyer drank his third. Couldn't be still outwrite every racing man in the business?

They left after the third. Fred Collyer bought a fifth of bourbon for later, when he had finished his story. Back in his room he took just a swig from it before he sat down to write.

The words wouldn't come. He screwed up six attempts and poured some bourbon into a water glass.

Marius Tollman. Crinkle Cut. Piper Boles. Amberezzio. It wasn't all that simple.

He took a drink. He didn't seem to be able to help it.

The sports editor would give him a raise for a story like this, or at least there would be no quibbling about expenses.

He took a drink.

Piper Boles had earned himself a thousand bucks for crashing into Salad Bowl. Now how the hell do you write that without being sued for libel?

He took a drink.

The jockeys in the 10th race had conspired to let the only straight one among them win. How in hell could you say that?

He took a drink.

The stewards and the press had had their attention channeled toward the crash in the Derby and had virtually ignored the 10th race. The stewards wouldn't thank him for pointing it out.

He took another drink. And another. And more.

His deadline for telephoning his story to the office was 10 o'clock the following morning. When that hour came he was asleep and snoring, fully dressed on his bed. The empty bourbon bottle lay on the floor beside him, and his winnings, which he had tried to count, lay scattered over his chest. **END**

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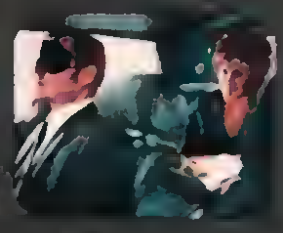


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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week April 24-30**

**AAU BASKETBALL** Providence's ERNIE DiGREGORIO and UCLA's SUE NATTER paced the United States team with 14 points apiece to an 81-65 win in the first of a six-game series with the U.S.S.R.

**PRO BASKETBALL** ABA Kentucky handed Carolina's 107-96 defeat in advance to the finals but then cried foul when the upset-crazed Indiana Pacers disputed the entire game. With 3:07 left in the third quarter, Colonel Center Artis Gilmore, Dr. Jekyll to the rest of the game, picked up his fifth personal foul. Gilmore, who had played 20 games this season and has Multiple Personality Disorder of Kentucky, has never taken three seconds to run before. It was a bad call. There was more to come. With a minute remaining in the game, Kentucky's Jimmy O'Brien tossed a shot in that missed the rim, which should have left the 30-second clock running, caught on the ball and then connected with 35 seconds remaining to send them into The referees' nabobs smeethered in Louisville's Freedom Hall challenged that shot, too, on the grounds that the 30-second clock had already expired before O'Brien's second attempt. A television replay exonerated the refs, but none of the 12,119 fans who threw debris on the floor and tried to pick fights with the Pacers cared. Freddie Lewis, who finished with 29 points for Indiana, scored on a jumper with 17 seconds left in this extra period to clinch the win.

NBA New York withstood a three-game rebuttal from the tubes by Boston, 98-97, and 110-100, then finished off the Celtics 94-78 to take the East 4-0 (stats, 261). Meanwhile, Los Angeles put it end to it on Gershon St. the hopes with a 128-118 final crisis winning the West 4-1. Cal Goudrich scored a personal playoff high 44 points and Wilt Chamberlain pulled down 22 rebounds.

**BOWLING** BARBARA REXNER of Cleveland outrolled Judy Cook of Grandview, Mo., 235-205 to capture the richest prize in the history of the Professional Women's Bowling Association, the $55,000 Rick Case Hundred Classic in Akron. It was Rexner's first sponsored tournament.

**CYCLING** DENMARK dominated the first week of the Grand Prix of the United States in Fresno, Calif. with five gold medals. ROGER YOUNG of Detroit gave the U.S. its only victory in the 4,000 meters.

**GOLF** Dan Sikes blew a triple bogey on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff to give LANNY WADKINS the $30,000 first prize in the Bruno Nelson Classic in Dillon.

**GYMNASTICS** YOSHI HAYASAKI of Illinois and YOSHI TAKEI of Georgia Southern College tied for first with 108.10 points in the men's all-around in the National AAU championship in Ball. JOAN MOORE RICE of Philadelphia took the women's all-around with 74.70.

**HARNESS RACING** BYE BYE MAX ($21.80) shaded by Dick Bilder won the third of the $54,100 Golden Bear Pace at Los Alamitos Express Colt by a nose over Sir Dalrae covering the mile in 1:59.

**HOCKEY** NHL Both the East and West titles were up for grabs as Montreal finished off Philadelphia 5-3 and Chicago destroyed New York's 31-year-old dream of the Stanley Cup, 4-1. Canadien Henri Richard, who scored the winning goal in the final game against the Flyers called reports that he was retiring after the playoffs "premature," while veteran Defenseman Jacques Laperriere wished he had retired. In his suffered a groin injury against the Flyers then hobbled back for the opener against Chicago on Sunday, only to get his nose broken. Two goals by Stan Mikita and a goal and three assists from Dennis Hull got Chicago past the Rangers and on to the playoff finals. The Black Hawks, challenging the Canadiens for the 16th time in 41 tries, lost the first game of the finals in Montreal 5-3 (stats, 241). Veteran Center Jacques Lemaire scored two goals and the Mahovlich brothers Frank and Pete added one each.

WHA Winnipeg sled smoothly through the Western playoffs, sweeping Houston 4-2 and 3-0 for a three-game sweep of the Aeros. In the final game in Houston, Jet Wing Norm Beaudin, who leads the playoffs in scoring with 21 points, slapped in two goals and got help from Chris Bordeleau, who scored in the third period. New England only needed one more from Cleveland and the Whalers got it with a 3-1 fifth-game final. The Whalers' prime problem Center John Danby, who separated a shoulder last week, blasted past Winnipeg 7-2 in the initial game of the championship series.

**HORSE RACING** In Kentucky Derby and Oaks actions in Louisville, SHECKY GREEN ($3.00) with Bhirn up, won the seventh Turfway Stepping Stone by three lengths over Restless Jet and LA PREVOYANTE ($2.40) ridden by Jimmy LeBlanc won the La Troienne by a head over Old Gobble. It was the filly's 14th win in 15 tries.

**LACROSSE** JOHNS HOPKINS remained undefeated and untied, downing Army 13-7 as Bill Stolnis scored three goals. Seventh-ranked HOFSTRA upset fourth-ranked Navy 10-9 in a three-overtime match at Annapolis. BROWN, in tenth spot, defeated Yale 15-4. Penn State, 14th-ranked CORNELL 9-8.

**MOTOR SPORTS** PARNELLI JONES, president of the Ontario Motor Speedway Operating Company Ltd., announced that he had reached an agreement with the U.S. Auto Club for sanction of the fourth California 500 to be held Sept. 2 at newly reopened Ontario track.

Brazil's EMERSON FITTIPALDI driving a John Player Special Lotus 72, earned his third Grand Prix of the season as he covered the 176.6-mile Spanish Grand Prix in Barcelona in 1:48:18.7.

**TENNIS** STAN SMITH struggled back to beat John Alexander 5-7, 6-4, 6-2 in the $80,000 Swedish Pro Invitational Championships.

ILIE NASTASE beat Adriano Panatta of Italy 6-1, 7-6, 6-2 to clinch the Italian Open's men's singles title in Rome.

**TRACK & FIELD** Records were broken in the Drake Relays, Saturday and Penn (stats, 246). After GEORGE WOODS put the shot 69 ½' in Drake's record ALICE ERBACH's eight-meet win streak came back to earth in California and loosed the third fastest put in history, 70-9". Anchored by DAVE WOLLET (4:00.2), the BOWLING GREEN four-mile relay team set a record seven seconds from the old Drake mark with a time of 16:19.6 (stats, 241). Its bid for a double was foiled in Philadelphia at the 79th Penn Relays as VILLANOVA took the four-mile credit in 16:31.7. Villanova also won the two-mile and distance medley relays. The Wildcats' eighth consecutive win in the latter. PETER FARMER of Texas El Paso set a meet record when he threw the hammer 222' 11". Karl Thurmond won the Penn Relays' marathon, covering the 26-mile course in 2:32.07.

STEVE PREFONTAINE ran his fastest mile, a 3:55, at the Oregon Twilight meet in Eugene.

**MILEPOSTS** SCORED: By the Virginia Slims pro tennis circuit and the USLTA, their all-women players, who unofficially will be eligible to compete in the French Open, Wimbledon and Forest Hills.

NAMED: As head coach of the Detroit Red Wings TED GARVIN, 47, fourth coach in the International Hockey League.

NAMED: Eleventh NBA Guard KEVIN LOUGHERY, 33, in his seven seasons to coach of the ABA New York Nets. Loughery, who took over as coach of the Philadelphia 76ers in mid-season, finished the year's 5-26.

NAMED: GEORGE RADOVICH, 43, as basketball coach at Wyoming, after a 9-17 season as coach at California State University at Fullerton.

SUSPENDED: For intolerance on a referee at Anaheim, BORGE VELASQUEZ, scheduled to ride in Thursday's 81st Kentucky Derby, for 10 days.

**CREDITS**

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## FACES IN THE CROWD



**BEN KRUEGER** netted 26 goals to lead Culver (Ind.) Military Academy to its fourth straight U.S. Polo Association National Interscholastic title. Culver, 15-0 for the season, won all six matches in the tournament, and Krueger, a senior, raised his season total to 139 goals.





**TERESA ANDERSON**, 19, and **GAIL JOHNSON**, 18, members of the Santa Clara, Calif. Aquamaids won their second straight duet title in the National AAU Senior Women's Indoor Synchronized Swimming Championships at Hershey, Pa. Competing against 53 other pairs, the women totaled 133.678 points, 1.4 higher than their nearest opponents Anderson a sophomore at San Jose State, also won the solo and stunt titles with scores of 134.170 and 52.030. Johnson was the solo winner in 1972 and placed second this year.





**DIANA HALES**, 28, of Claremont, Calif., and **PAM BRISTOL**, 19, of Flint, Mich., captured the women's doubles championship in the 20th United States Amateur Badminton Open tournament at Central Connecticut State College in New Britain. Bristol and Hales upset international contenders Eva Twedberg of Ystad, Sweden (who won the singles title) and Bridget Cooper, of Lancashire, England, 12-15, 15-12 and 18-13. Hales won the National Intercollegiate singles champ in 1970.



**AL STONE**, a junior at Princeton, led the Tigers in their third Ivy League rugby title in the last five years as they beat Brown 32-6. In three tournament games, Stone was responsible for 30 of his team's 62 points, as the Tigers outscored their opponents 62-14.

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

### A POW'S VIEW

Sirs:

Thanks to John Underwood for his moving article on Major Neal Jones (*Opal Two Is Back*, April 23). If any good can come of the ordeals of Major Jones and the other POWs, perhaps it will be to turn us from our petty gripes and grievances toward attaining the kind of faith and courage that can allow a man who has lived through 6½ years of hell to say, "I've been lucky. I've been lucky all my life."

MIKE BALLARD

Ackerman, Miss.

Sirs:

*Opal Two Is Back* ranks as the most inspiring piece of literature I have read. It so thoroughly mixes sport and patriotism. As one who served with the Special Forces for 18 months in Vietnam, I would like John Underwood to know that this is a vastly satisfying work that America should be proud of.

Neal Jones shall have his homecoming present. Tulane will one day defeat LSU.

MIKE BERGAMON

Cuba, N. Mex.

Sirs:

The article exemplifies two very important points. It shows the great effect sport has on the people of this country, relieving tension, providing a common meeting ground for discussion, providing memories and giving hope. But more important, it says God Bless America and hats off to Neal Jones and the other POWs. We in this country are fortunate to have men such as these protecting us.

THOMAS C. BUTLER

Columbus, Ind.

### SOUNDING OFF

Sirs:

It seems to me you could have had a better cover for your April 23 issue. Instead of a picture of a boxer who is two fights and six years removed from the heavyweight championship, wouldn't it have been better to have had one of George Foreman or Ken Norton, with an article about either or both of them? Let's look to the future of boxing. Also, a picture of one of our POWs throwing out the first ball at an opening baseball game would have made a much better cover than that of a man who refused to serve his country in a time of need.

JOHN R. BOOTH

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Your April 23 cover didn't go over too well with me. The picture of Muhammad Ali was sickening. It isn't the most appealing thing to look at some dude with a broken jaw eating mush and slobbering all over the place. Yuk! I think you and Photographer Neil Leifer could have worked out something more suitable to put on the front of your magazine.

D. DYAS

Mt. Prospect, Ill.

Sirs:

It was a comfort to read your article on Muhammad Ali (*The Mouth That Nearly Roared*) and to learn that he does not plan to retire anytime soon. He is a man boxing cannot do without nowadays. If it were not for him, the boxing fans of the United States would get to see a fight only every 18 months or so, if lucky. When George Foreman beat Joe Frazier I thought we might see some more good fights, but George has turned out to be another Frazier.

Ali is the one with guts. When he was champion, we saw fights regularly. He wasn't afraid of losing, as Foreman and Frazier must be. He's the one who stayed in the ring with a broken jaw. If Foreman wants to keep the title, let's make him fight for it.

ROBERT E. DEAN

St. Matthews, S.C.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the article. I found it entertaining as well as interesting, yet I question Tex Maule's choice of leading man. How long are we expected to accept the word of the world's greatest con man? How many times must we await the knockout punch that will never come? I admit that Muhammad Ali was indeed a great fighter, but I can no longer accept his meaningless promises.

RUDI F. FROESE

Vancouver, British Columbia

Sirs:

I loved your cover. There is nothing better than to see Muhammad Ali with egg on his face.

R. W. RILEY

Lake Arrowhead, Calif.

### LESSON FROM MONTANA

Sirs:

I never dreamed that a school like the University of Montana would receive four color pages of attention from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The article (*Playing the Payroll Game*, April 23) naturally attracted my attention, because my home is in Montana and I attend a school that is possibly the capital of football, Notre Dame. Even though your article was about a scandal that could end up discrediting the Montana sports program, there are two points that need emphasizing.

First of all, Coach Jack Swarthout really took a beating with the massive rumors and controversies that spread between his indictment and acquittal. He deserves to be commended for his honesty during the entire year or more of frustration.

Second, the Montana students still have a lot going for them, because when it comes to sports they are doers instead of watchers. Many of my friends are enrolled at the university and I think I respect them most because they are interested in applying their talents instead of cherishing someone else's. Here at Notre Dame practically everyone is a watcher.

I would hate to see football deteriorate at the small universities like those in the Big Sky Conference, but maybe this says something to the larger schools that are clouded with numbers and scoreboards and where only a minority of students are really doers.

DAVE REINIG

Notre Dame, Ind.

### WINNERS AND LOSERS

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins has done it again (*Jack Fell Down and Lost His Crown*, April 16). Why can't he give credit where credit is due and congratulate Tommy Aaron for his victory in the Masters?

Mr. Jenkins seems to think that Jack Nicklaus is the only one capable of winning the big tournaments. And when he speaks of Gay Brewer, J.C. Snead, Jim Jamieson, Chi Chi Rodriguez, Johnny Miller and Tommy Aaron as "guys in the mines," I suggest he check the 1972 statistics. Collectively these players earned more than $613,000—not bad for "miners."

It is true that Nicklaus is far and away the best on the tour today, and everyone knows this. So let's hear about some of the other players for a change. Even if Mr. Jenkins couldn't bring himself to do it, I would like to congratulate Tommy Aaron on his final-round 68, a great tournament and a most deserved victory.

JAMES M. SCHIAVENZA

Santa Clara, Calif.

Sirs:

We really enjoy Dan Jenkins' writing and share his reverence for Jack Nicklaus. However, his article in the April 16 issue did justice neither to the Masters champion, Tommy Aaron, nor to the fascinating array of players and personalities involved in the outcome of the tournament. Nicklaus earns all the respect and adulation he receives as a champion. We are both crazy about him and surely wish that he would win every tournament he plays in. But, ba-

*continued*



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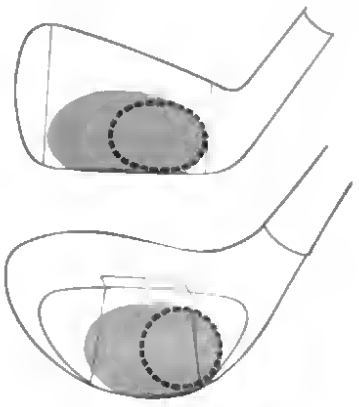
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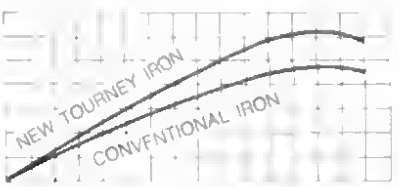
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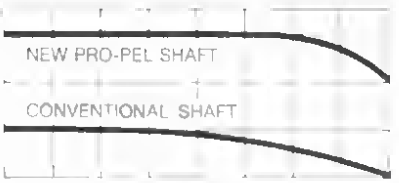
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sically, each tournament belongs to the winner, not to the loser, no matter who he may be. Let Jack continue to earn the glory awarded him by winning, but when someone else wins, let that player revel in the glory alone.

JIM and SHARON STASIOWSKI
San Diego

**GONE FISHING**

Sirs:

Clive Gammon is indeed an asset to your extremely capable staff. His fascinating article about the river Tarn (*Truffles and Flourishes on the Tarn*, April 16) has compelled me to regear for trout fishing.

More than a mere teller of tales, Mr. Gammon has done a magnificent job of acquainting us with the subtly elegant nuances inherent in almost all fishing expeditions. On this reader's scale of 1 to 10, Mr. Gammon has ascended to the lofty parapet of 9⅞.

JOHN J. HAGDING II
Honolulu

**ROYAL BERTH**

Sirs:

When I saw your Contents page entry for a story on the Kansas City Royals (*Now Comes the Big Blue Machine*, April 23), I was skeptical, since the Royals have been ignored so much. But your article was terrific. I was also very happy to see the recognition given John Mayberry, the next superhero. Good work, SI, for taking an untraveled path.

STEVE BRADSHAW
Bartlesville, Okla.

Sirs:

I regard William Leggett's article on Kansas City as a timeless preview of a solid and determined baseball team. With rookie Manager Jack McKeon and his running and hitting offense, the Royals will definitely be a contender for years to come.

ROBERT GLASSBERG
Brooklyn

Sirs:

Cheers for Manager McKeon, who has his hitters swinging on 3-and-0 counts. I have always had trouble understanding the need for the "automatic take" in this situation and am happy to know that one manager is ignoring the custom. I hope Red Sox Manager Eddie Kasko reads the article before we play K.C. Incidentally, managers should forget about the intentional walk, too.

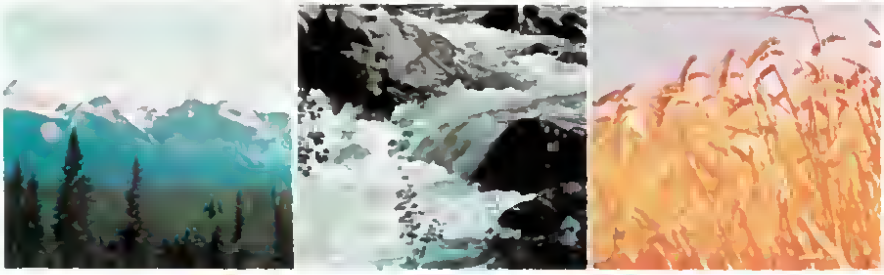
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